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POUNDS, SHILLINGS AND PENCE

Can We Go Ahead?

IN 1931 we may hope in Toc H in England to reach two goals at which we have been aiming for years. Toc H in England is now divided into eleven Areas. All of these Areas, with one possible exception, will have by the end of 1931 at least two whole-time servants, a padre and a layman—quite a number already have more. And all of them will, I hope, have, as eight of them have already, “home rule”—Area Executives of their own, and a large and real measure of self-government in all local matters. The arrangements made to secure this will doubtless require improvement as time goes on. But the constitution under which Area Executives work has already been tested sufficiently to show that it can achieve its main object. Under it the North and the South and the West, and London and the other Areas can live and grow in their own ways, developing their own lives as Area families, while remaining integral parts of the whole Family of Toc H.

It would have been easy to have given “home rule” a few years ago. But to have given it without at least the minimum of whole-time men to serve the Area families would assuredly have been to court disaster. “Home rule” had to wait on the appointments of whole-time men; and those had to wait on finance, and the finance has been based largely on faith that Toc H in England could be relied on to help itself, as well as to govern itself. We believed that when Toc H in England realised how much it is being given of all there is to give, it would be ready to help more and more to raise part of the money spent on it, in order that other “Areas”—Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and very many overseas—which at present need whole-time men, might have them.

Let us look at a few hard facts. The whole income of the Anglican Chaplaincy fund, which now stands at nearly £39,000, goes to the English Areas. So does the income of no less than £44,600 of the General Endowment Fund. (This includes the late Lord Brotherton’s great donation for Yorkshire. It also includes *all* the money raised for the Endowment Fund by Branches and Groups in England.) Then there is nearly £600 a year from the Toc H All Hallows Trust, and a number of considerable special subscriptions earmarked for England. Altogether, quite apart from ordinary donations, subscriptions, etc., there is an assured annual income of well over £5,000 available

for Toc H in England. It is surely not too much to ask the Branches, Groups, districts and Areas to raise the *balance* of the money required for their own needs. All that is raised now in the Areas goes to the Area accounts, with the single exception of the 2s. capitation fee on membership subscriptions. They may send contributions *to* Headquarters, to be accounted for. They do not send contributions *for* Headquarters, or for Toc H anywhere outside their own Areas.

Now last year (the account year ended on October 31) Toc H in England, having the large assured income I have referred to, and having all its own "raisings" reserved for itself, Area by Area, failed to pay its own way by more than £2,900. This meant that a surplus on Headquarters accounts which *might* have been used for Scotland or New Zealand or Malaya was not only wiped out, but was turned into a large deficit. Toc H in England was not only spending its own share of the assured income—I have indicated how large that share is—but was making it impossible to allot to other parts of the family the relatively tiny shares which might otherwise have fallen to them.

Years ago when there were 250 Branches and Groups in all, we appealed to them to raise on the average £10 each, or £2,000 a year in all—making a full allowance, 50 out of 250, for units which were new or in difficulties. In October last there were 500 units in England alone. They ought to have raised, on the same scale, in contributions and builders' subscriptions raised by themselves, £4,000. But they raised less than £2,200. The standard suggested years ago for the sums to be raised by units represents an average of £10 for the units estimated as able to help (taken as four-fifths of all units) or £8 on all units. Reckoning on the figures of units in October last, the results achieved in 1929-30 were London* and North-Western almost £8 each, Eastern £4 15s., South Eastern £3 5s., Northern over £3, West Midlands £2 6s., Western and South Western (the old Western Area now divided) £1 12s., East Midlands and Lincs., and Yorkshire £1 8s. each, Southern 18s. These figures seem to show plainly, *first*, that the "standard" of money-raising by units is not too high to aim at, and, second, that very many units in many areas simply have not tried to reach it, or indeed to raise money for Toc H (*i.e.*, for their own Area) at all.

Now, if Toc H is to progress, it is essential that all units which possibly can should bear their share in the burden of money-raising. We left that burden on Tubby's shoulders much too long. It was largely the cause of his breaking down last year. The burden is now too great for any man. We must depend more and more on the pennies and shillings of individual members collected in their units, and to the subscriptions of Toc H Builders attracted by the work of Branches and Groups. And in particular if Toc H is to be built rightly overseas, Toc H in England, which has been given a *very* full share of the endowments, must raise the balance of the cost of its own staffs. If they do not, we shall have to reverse, instead of going ahead.

P. W. M.

* London would have risen above the standard had not some units early in the year sent their payments to the Endowment Fund.

Of Money-Raising

EVER since the main burden of money-raising was transferred from Tubby's shoulders to those of the whole family of Toc H, and the Endowment Scheme was launched, it has been felt by many in Toc H that the whole attitude of Toc H towards money has been allowed to slip, until at the present time it is not far removed from "moneygrubbing."

Tubby has always regarded money as an instrument to be consecrated for use in the building of Toc H, and as necessary a part of the life of the family as fellowship and service. He therefore prayed about it, and conscientiously worked for it as much as he prayed about and worked for any other part of Toc H. That is the cause of his astounding success in convincing the men he approached: being sure that God needed Toc H, and that He would, therefore, find the money needed for its proper work, he was then able to prove the value of Toc H in their eyes, and to show them where they could best help. The result has been not only a response of the pocket, but of the heart, mind, and will also.

This is the attitude, not only of Tubby, but of all truly Christian Societies. Mirfield (The Community of the Resurrection) for instance, works out its annual budget, and places it amongst the things material and spiritual for which its members are bound to pray. The result is that as the world becomes more and more convinced of the value of the work done by the Community, their anxiety becomes proportionately removed. The church which I have been recently serving had a congregation of about 1,200 people. It raised annually by voluntary subscriptions the sum of £1,700, and the chief collection of the year (the Harvest Festival) was given by common accord to the work of the Church overseas as part of its contribution to that work.

The lesson of all this is that if the spiritual value of money is taught, and when grasped, acted upon, the money comes. If a low value is set upon money, and it is regarded as "filthy lucre," or a necessary evil, it does not come. Money, in fact, has this human trait, that it is attracted to people who expect the best from it, and avoids those who are always running it down.

As Toc H increases in size, each Area is going to be faced with the problem of its own support, and as each part of the British Isles becomes a good householder and pays its own way, it will become more and more possible for money from the Central Fund to be released for the world-wide needs of the whole family. Our first business, therefore, is to raise the eyelids of the families at home until they have seen Toc H overseas as a concrete reality: their own problem will then assume its right proportion.

Alongside of this must go a steady teaching in Branches and Groups of the spiritual value of money. Business men have realised long ago that sound views about finance are the foundations upon which a good business is built, and I would go so far as to say that a Branch or Group, which sets before it steadily a high ideal about the financial side of its work, will be the soundest unit in the end, even if it takes longer and finds it harder to raise the money necessary for its own needs and those of the Area.

For the obtaining of this sense of proportion, I suggest a series of talks on these two subjects (*i.e.*, Toc H Overseas, and the Toc H—or Christian—View of Money), the latter being done in the form of group discussion.

With this groundwork going on it will be possible to establish two main principles about money-raising for our own needs:—

(1) *For Branch Funds.* It ought to be a point of honour with each Branch and Group, just as it is with most decent people, that it is self-supporting, and does not resort to borrowing from its neighbours in order to pay its debts. We have an uncomfortable feeling that whist-drives and dances, in order to raise the wind for Branch funds, are wrong. As social events they are quite good things to have now and then, but the moment the mercenary motive is introduced they lower the standard of the unit to the mediocre and reduce it to the level of a householder who must be constantly borrowing to keep himself in Laburnum Villa, for that unit is obtaining other people's money to pay for its own existence. Each unit ought to be proud enough to be independent of other people's charity, even if it is reduced to a hovel in a back street. Some of the brightest spots in all England are in the Christian homes in tenement dwellings.

(2) *For Area Quotas.* The pockets of most men in Toc H will not extend, for a variety of reasons, beyond the Branch requirements, and yet the quota has got to be raised. The cleanest way is by enlisting Builders. A good way of doing this is to divide the Branch up into pairs or quartets, who make themselves responsible for one or more Builders, according to their capacity, social position, etc. They are practised in the art of persuading men by humorous episodes at ordinary Branch meetings, one member of the Branch being dressed up as a local alderman who visits the Branch and has great difficulty in being persuaded as to the value of Toc H in the world at all. Having then got their story off by heart, the missionaries sally forth into the world at the direction of the Branch Executive. The District Committee decides how many Builders are required from each Branch. This method not only gets the money in the right way, but also strengthens the moral fibre of the ordinary members, and unconsciously teaches them a good deal about Toc H.

Money-Raising for other societies by Flag Days and such means weakens a unit's life, not because it is "not a man's job," for other societies are pressed hard and need all the help they can get, but because Toc H is in the world mainly to do personal creative work amongst men and boys, and to create in them an aspiration after the Toc H way of living animated by the Toc H spirit, if possible within the Fellowship of Toc H. Flag days are merely a modern device for extracting money from more or less unwilling people and do not greatly help towards this Toc H ideal. Moreover, it does not help a Branch to become known principally as a money-raising society.

It is, therefore, wise to suggest to units that flag days be put well down the list of their activities, not more than one or two being engaged upon during the year.

A. ST. G. COLTHURST.

"THE UNIVERSE IS A GREAT THOUGHT"

SIR JAMES JEANS, "*The Mysterious Universe.*"

Last month we printed a report of the London Birthday Guest-night at the Albert Hall, and therein we touched but lightly on the chief speech of the evening, that of Albert Cock, Professor of Economics at University College, Southampton, and Toc H pilot of his district. Gladly we now print it here in full.

NO one can come to such a vast gathering as a Toc H Birthday Festival, to a Society whose visible and invisible members the world over form a brotherhood among all nations and kindreds of the earth, without being moved and impressed by the power of a great idea to sway the hearts and minds of men. During the past thirty years England has given birth to three great ideas, three great movements, of which Toc H is the last but not the least. Thirty years ago from the mind of Baden-Powell came forth the idea to bind together the youth of England, and from that idea has sprung the Scout Movement all over the world. From the mind of Albert Mansbridge sprang in the same period the idea that the toiling masses of this country might come together in a fellowship of learning, and the Workers' Educational Association, founded by him, has become a world-wide movement of men and women. And England has given birth to that Society of which a birthday gathering in London is one of the outward and visible signs. As from an upper room two thousand years ago twelve men issued forth with lighted minds to spread good news from Jerusalem to the uttermost parts of the earth, so from the Upper Room of Talbot House fifteen years ago light issued forth again to make plain for our day a way of renewal, a way of reconciliation, and a way for every man to serve his fellow man in peace. We know that God used the Old House to bring home to men engaged in deadly strife the eternal realities that stand behind the ebb and flow of things, eternal realities that enabled Talbot House, Toc H, to overcome hate. That was its first mission and it is its last. And because of this its power, the power of Toc H to overcome hate, it has spread its light around the world, a world that in these most difficult days of peace is in need of every aid to enable it to live by love and not by hate, and by love to overcome hate and cast out fear.

And so we are very proud, lovingly proud, of our Founder Padres from whose lighted minds came forth the transforming idea which has made Toc H a living witness of the power of love to overcome hate. Our birthday party is first a party of grateful sons, yea, and of grateful daughters too, who would say to him and his co-founders, "Many happy returns from Toc H."

But we are growing up; we are fifteen years old, and at that age the troublesome years begin for lusty sons and daughters, the pride and perplexity of their parents. So we would draw a contrast between the years in which we saw the light and these latter days when sometimes the light waxes dim and the vision fades. When first we saw the light, the light of Toc H within that Upper Room, England, our dear country, stood in the hour of conflict to save the world, as she had done before, by her example. Then she had great allies, brethren in arms, with whom she stood as a rock immovable of suffering and strength. She suffered, yet was strong. She bled, yet served. She would not yield, nor die, but live.

To-day, fellow members of Toc H, our country stands again in an hour of greater strain, greater because less visible, though more deeply felt. To-day our England stands, and seems to stand alone, passing through a silent war, a silent revolution. Yet she stands fast through more than ten years of wasting wealth and waning industry and well-nigh senseless internecine strife. A deepening sense of calamity impending spreads around. The world looks on, a world in competition arrayed, and there is none to save our economic structure, none to save the precious heritage of English civilisation, except ourselves. As we stood fast then, so we stand fast now, to conquer sloth, and with sloth, the Giant Despair. Who that knows Toc H, its spirit of service, of courage, and of joyous adventure, can doubt that it will play a great part in the conquest of sloth and despair? While this nation can bring to birth such movements, we know that it will stand fast and see its economic warfare through to economic strength and economic peace.

But such standing fast has a greater significance than that of fortitude, however admirable. As in the individual we know that character is perfected through suffering, so it may be with nations. The present economic distress of our land and of our people is a period of suffering widespread and profoundly felt. It may well be that the readjustment of our national economy to changed world conditions may involve greater suffering yet than we have dared to contemplate. We may yet be called upon so to revise our way of living, so to shoulder new financial burdens, that sacrifice of comfort, sacrifice of ease, sacrifice of security, may be required of each and all. If so, we shall stand fast and give to a world accustomed to the service of our wealth the service of our suffering without complaint and without dismay. In the day of prosperity England has not served mankind amiss; in the days of adversity she will prove to a wondering world that she can accept a new mission, a mission of suffering, of disciplined poverty and plain living. Poor though she may become, yet will she serve, and serve through her very suffering and straitened means. May it not be that we shall best serve India and the world in proportion as here at home we know and learn to bear the discipline of adversity? So it would seem that Toc H has its work to do in coming to our country's help and proving to the world our new vocation, to be a Franciscan among the nations, vowed to plain living and high thinking, to the ministry of suffering, enduring heaviness for a season because we know joy cometh in the morning.

Yet this is not all. If Toc H is to pass through its own youthful years, its own difficult days of growing up, it must do more than stand fast in service, more than stand fast in suffering. Youth will serve, but youth must think. Toc H will serve, but Toc H must think, and it is the ministry of thought that is the deepest need at the present grave emergency. It was thought as well as feeling and will which gave birth to this movement. It is only by continued and intense thought that it will be sustained. To think fairly was the resolution of our Central Council five years ago. We need more. Is it not the duty, the obligation of each and every member of Toc H to think fully, to think thoroughly, to think faithfully? The ministry of thought is not to be the monopoly of a few, but the

offering of all. We cannot serve unless we think, and except a man or a nation think faithfully, neither it nor he can be saved. Jobs are not enough, "grub" is not enough, the Light is not enough. It is not enough to light a lamp; we must light a mind. For sixteen years we have stretched arm and nerve and sinew, steeled our hearts, and fortified our wills. Good, but not enough. We must stretch our minds, strain thought to the uttermost, think through and think beyond until sight passes into insight, light into illumination, and the glory of lighted lamps expresses the glory of the lighted mind. The mysterious universe around us is lit up by the penetrating power of thought. We shall prevail over the dark problems and evils that perplex mankind and hurt our own national well-being only through the power of the lighted mind. We in Toc H are vowed to service; are we not also vowed to thought? Can service and thought really be severed? Can service which is thoughtless be really effective; can thought which does not issue in service really thrive? Is not ours to be the service of thought, service in thought, service through thought, and service from thought? In the market-place of mind no man need stand idle. He shall find One there to hire him, who is Himself Mind, the Light that lighteth every one that cometh into the world. What matter therefore if our living be plain so long as our thinking be high, holy and brave? If we are called upon as a nation to suffer, called upon in the family of Toc H to suffer, yet we have great allies. Our friends are exultations, agonies, and love, and man's unconquerable mind. If we have fought well let it also be said of us that we have thought well; that we have learnt to weigh and consider, to follow the gleam wheresoever it may lead us, and to bring to all the problems that confront us as a people not a way of muddling through but a well-informed, well-organised and lighted mind. To be in Toc H is To Over Come Hate, is to have for our watchword "To Our Country's Help," and to come to that help with the ministry of faithful thought as well as unselfish sacrifice and service. As this night will see the completion of a World Chain of Light, so may it also see a World Chain of Thought, that we may see "those shining bounds increase, whose ways are ways of gentleness, whose paths are paths of peace." A. A. C.

"ARMS AND THE MAN"

The Toc H Drama League presented at the Cripplegate Theatre on Wednesday and Thursday, February 4 and 5, what was perhaps the happiest and most polished production of their happy and polished career—Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man*. This "anti-romantic comedy" of Balkan national and domestic squabbles, certainly the jolliest of all Shaw's plays, was treated in precisely the correct proportions of satirical wit and swaggering burlesque. Perhaps the most outstanding performance was that of J. C. Ledward, the producer, who, at very short notice, had taken on the part of Captain Bluntschli, the disillusioned yet romantic Swiss soldier, lending his most efficient services to the Serbians, and after the peace laying his father's hotels and omnibuses at the feet of his ex-enemy's daughter. Throughout, his Swiss good sense and smooth capability were in delightful contrast to the heroics and posturing of the young Bulgarian major, Sergius Saranoff, well played by J. Wilton Anstey.

The play was almost perfectly cast, and each player should deserve special mention for his or her contribution to a most finished and enjoyable performance.

THE ULTERIOR MOTIVE

THIS Idle Fancy, in a Prologue, a Play, and an Epilogue, was inspired by Tubby's "Mustard Seed" in the December JOURNAL (page 419). There you could read of the first role which No. 36, Red Lion Square played as diminutive headquarters of Toc H in those far-off days when Tubby was all the staff and the movement a dozen men. Number 36 is a veteran actor in Toc H, but not too old to be cast for yet another part, the lead in this little playlet.

The Prologue

THE Club Room windows of the house in which the Group meets stare at it across the Square, and as we gaze on it through these windows, we are stimulated with fresh courage in raising the wind to waft away the Electric Light Account or some such necessary evil.

There it has stood these many years, undistinguished, indistinguishable from its companions, and as we gaze it seems to smile encouragement and recognition, rejoicing in its stony old heart, perchance, at the return of the Prodigal.

Outwardly, it is one of a row of hives of industry which shelter men and women striving in the struggle for existence; inwardly it is an inspiration—so irresistible is the call of Number 36.

The Play—Act I—1929

Little more than a year ago eight or nine fellows met one night, and determined to start groping after the Light of Toc H. They were fellows who lived near by, who had got to know one another through the common fellowship of the Church in the Square.

Three of them had met Toc H in its infancy—in another place; to the others, flushed with the first bloom of youthful enthusiasm, the novelty perhaps made the first appeal. All decided that Number 36 *must* be reclaimed by the Family whose post-war birth it had sheltered. Do you wonder that people jeered? How could less than a dozen blokes—to some of whom unemployment was no mere spectre—think of owning a house? The idea was ludicrous—but the Spirit of Toc H, with Faith and Determination, is a very real factor. Their early struggles were those of every Grope, and just as every Grope gets on, so did they, until a wonderful day arrived when they received their Rushlight, and they realised that they were pukka probationers of the Family. More insistent than ever came the call from across the Square.

A visitor who came to chatter to the Group recently was astonished to be told, afterwards, that the meeting had been held on Church premises. But for the kindness of the Vicar of the Church in the Square, who allows them a room in the Church House, the Group would still be meeting where they began—in a Tea Shop. And now—Jobs?—Fellowship?—Service?—Number 36?

Act II—1930

In the Holborn neighbourhood, as elsewhere, one could see men and women walking the squares and streets, furtively eating their lunches out of paper bags,

and in the cold and cheerless days of the long English winter seeking a refuge from the bitter elements in the British Museum or elsewhere, to kill the luncheon hour.

Unhappily, there is nothing original in all this and, happily, there are Lunch-Clubs in various parts of London.

Owing again to the Vicar's generosity, two floors in the Church House, already equipped as Club Rooms, became available, and the AndE Club was born. As its name implies, the Club is open to All and Every man and woman, of any age, who wishes to join it. It is open daily (except Saturday and Sunday) from 12 noon to 3 p.m. and there is a room where those who bring their own lunch may sit and eat it, in alleged comfort, by the fire; tea, coffee, cocoa, cigarettes, biscuits, chocolate, are on sale; billiards, chess, draughts, cards, table-tennis, a library (of sorts), the daily papers, and magazines are available. It is no ordinary Club; there are no Servants, but a team consisting of Auntie, Dora and George; there is no Committee; no rules—only reminders of what Men and Women can do to help one another; the subscription is sixpence per week.

In some odd way, the spirit of Toc H seems to permeate the Club, although—or possibly because—rarely can any member of the Group get there for more than a moment in the lunch hour. Two or three ladies—magnificent they are, too—divide the duties of Auntie between them during the week, and act as barmaid and presiding genius.

The Club is over three months old now, and so precocious for its age, that an Evening Section—a Night Club—mainly for local residents, is already in its infancy, on two evenings a week from 6 to 10 p.m., closing, for those who care to join in, with Family Prayers.

Yes, it was a big risk, no money, no experience, nothing—except the faith of Toc H. But as we gaze across the Square there seems to be a happier smile on the face of Number 36.

The Epilogue—19——?

Two or three of the original Members of the Group—now of Mark Branch status—are drawing their old age pensions, but they hobble along on their sticks, youthful as ever, to the AndE Mark in the Square.

Their joy is to climb to the little room upstairs, where, surrounded by the youngsters, they yarn to them, not those precious war yarns which the bulk of the members learned in their history books at school, but just telling the tale of how the original Group started, and how the AndE Club was born, with the Ulterior Motive of restoring to its proper use Number 36.

H. H. R.

A HOUSE FOR LIVERPOOL

The plan to have both a Toc H Mark and a whole-time padre in Liverpool is now well within sight of accomplishment. A most historic house, the birthplace of Gladstone in 1809, has been graciously presented to Toc H by his grandson, Mr. H. N. Gladstone, and of the sum required to recondition the house and endow a whole-time position, almost the half has already been given, including a munificent donation of £1,000 from Lord Leverhulme.

A JOB FOR OLDER TOC H MEN

ONE of the most difficult tasks in our movement is to find jobs for those who are over fifty. Many of us have spent years in various forms of social service, handing over our tasks, when we are honest with ourselves, to younger men, in order to undertake some other work for which we are more fitted by age and experience. But as we get older we find that the field of work becomes more limited.

Now what job is there to-day requiring the service of our seniors? "I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Here is a man's job and a real Toc H one too. Have any of you who are anxious to be of use thought of becoming a Prison Visitor or helping as a Tutor in the classes that have grown up in all our local prisons?

A good deal is known to Toc H men about prison visiting, but little has been disclosed of the organisation of the educational classes that have been established in the various local prisons during the past eight years.

The work should appeal to all Toc H-ers, for the prime mover in it was none other than Alec Paterson, to whom our movement also owes so much.

"The Departmental Committee on the Education and Moral Instruction of Prisoners recommended in 1896 that the system of voluntary lectures to prisoners should be revived and that lady readers might be appointed for classes of female prisoners. Some effect was given to this recommendation. For example, in 1906, 285 voluntary lecturers gave their services, but it was not until after the war that anything substantial was attempted. The experience with prisoners of war and the educational experiment in the Army gave a great stimulus to adult education. In 1922 the Adult Education Committee accepted the invitation of the Prison Commissioners to co-operate in organising a voluntary system of education in prisons to supplement the elementary education which for over 50 years had been part of the prison régime. Educational Advisers of high standing were found to give their services at the various local prisons and voluntary teachers came forward in response to our appeal for help in this new venture. The number of these giving their services week by week in a very exacting and difficult task has in 1929 reached a total of 400. So completely has the work of voluntary visitors and teachers come to be part and parcel of the prison system that it is difficult to conceive of an advance in penal administration on any other basis."

This extract from the last report of H.M. Commissioners of Prisons for the year 1928 (Cmd. 3607) gives the brief outline of a work that from very small beginnings has grown to considerable dimensions until in 1929 there were no fewer than 418 voluntary teachers conducting 404 separate classes which are attended by more than 10,000 prisoners. Each Educational Adviser has worked out, in co-operation with the Governor, a scheme which suits his particular prison, having regard to the type of prisoner and the area in which the prison is situated. This has prevented the scheme from becoming stereotyped so that the variety of classes has been maintained. The catalogue of the classes held

in all the prisons is a varied and illuminating document and shows how widely the educational field has been covered. Practical and cultural subjects are included and many are of definite vocational value. General subjects, languages, craftwork, science and hobbies are all included.

An annual meeting of Educational Advisers and Teachers is held at the Home Office, and this has been most valuable for the interchange of ideas, for suggestions for developing the work, and for discussion on the difficulties encountered by the volunteers. It is at this meeting that one gets to know something of the work as a whole, otherwise one's experience is limited to the particular prison to which one is attached.

The following detailed account of the classes at Wandsworth Prison will probably be of interest to the reader who feels that the work may appeal to him. These classes were commenced in January 1923 by the efforts of Beresford Ingram—another Toc H stalwart. As a trial three classes were opened in English, Citizenship and Physical Exercises. The experience gained during the first term was sufficient to show that there was a demand for educational work but that great care would be necessary in selecting tutors of the type specially suitable for holding and influencing prisoners.

During the past eight years the work has grown steadily and last term (Christmas 1930) classes were being held once a week from 6.30 p.m. to 7.45 p.m. in Local Government, French, Industrial History, Elements of Commerce, Community Singing, Choral Singing, Civics, Science applied to Everyday Life, Economics, English Literature, Current Events, Debating and General Knowledge. Once a month a lecture is given in the chapel to the whole of the inmates by a specialist and a monthly concert is also arranged. The attendance at these functions is, of course, dependent upon good conduct.

The growth of the work has depended largely upon suitable classroom accommodation and the availability of a supply of voluntary tutors. These difficulties have been overcome and each year finds a larger number of prisoners attending the classes. At the present time over 300 prisoners are taking advantage of the opportunities offered to them.

Attendance at the classes is voluntary. Before the commencement of a term notice is given out in the chapel and the prisoners put down their names for the class chosen. But no one is allowed in a class unless he can be there for the greater part of the term. If a tutor desires to get the best out of his men and to be anything of an influence over them, it is obvious that the individuals must be with him for some considerable time. At first, without this rule, the constant change in the personnel of the classes was a decided drawback.

The size of the classes has been fixed at 20 for practical subjects, e.g., Technical Drawing and Book-keeping, and 25 to 30 for General Subjects. No officers are present while the classes are being held. The tutors have been teachers engaged during the day in elementary, central, continuation or secondary schools in London, civil servants and commercial men. The majority are over 40 years of age and it is now clear as far as Wandsworth Prison is concerned that

one of the qualifications of a prison tutor is that he should be a man of experience. The allowance of travelling expenses and the provision of tea has made the problem of securing voluntary teachers an easier one.

It is essential that anyone volunteering for this work should be in the prime of life, have a keen sense of humour, able to understand the psychology of the criminal, possessed of tact, loyal to prison officials, willing to sacrifice one evening a week, and determined never to be absent from the job once it has been undertaken.

It has been the custom to ask a possible tutor to volunteer from term to term. In practice it has worked out that the volunteer will enjoy the work and will continue to carry on until his circumstances render it impossible for him to attend. The acquisition of books from the Prisoners' Education Committee Library has been a boon. This special library has been built up with books purchased from the sums allotted to the prison from the splendid grant of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trustees. Before selecting the books, the men were asked for suggestions, and these, if good, were adopted. In this way about 1,500 Educational Books are available in addition to the ordinary prison collection.

A meeting of tutors together with the Educational Adviser, the Prison Chaplain and a representative of the unofficial Visitors, is held about three weeks before the end of the term. The term's work is discussed and reports given by the Adviser and the Chaplain. The arrangements for the next term are made, especially the allocation of evenings to the various tutors. The representative of the Visitors is asked to make any suggestions of points that may have been noted by his colleagues during their visits and talks to the men in their cells. The presence of the Chaplain or some prison official is necessary in order that he may give a ruling as to the practicability of suggested schemes or experiments. He is the man who knows the rules and regulations of the prison.

This is the only occasion during a term that the tutors meet one another as a body and so the gathering proves to be invaluable. After the eight years' work, the impression of the first term's work has been strengthened. Educational Classes must be a permanent feature of prison activities. As far as possible the voluntary tutor must be encouraged to give his assistance. He will do the job with a love for the work behind him. He realises that it is not the subject matter of his lessons alone that is the chief concern. His own personality and the effect on his own unfortunate students is a far greater thing. There is in the men's hearts a spark of the divine, maybe a very little spark, and his aim is to fan it into a flame. Hardly a lesson passes by without an opportunity turning up, especially when he has established that fellow-feeling between himself and the class which leads to direct expression of thought. A man's outlook may in this way be changed and a new view-point given to him.

Prison classes should appeal to the older members of Toc H, for they are an excellent opportunity of spreading the gospel of Christ without preaching it.

Anyone who is desirous of helping in the work should write to the Educational Adviser of his local prison, c/o The Governor.

VALENTINE A. BELL.

ON THE JOB

We suggest that a profitable discussion might well arise from the comparison of the following article with the point of view expressed by H. in a letter "Jobs—A Means or an End?" in the December JOURNAL (page 436), with its contention that "there is only one reason for doing jobs, and that is the simple one that they need to be done."

WAR unites men in huge families called armies. Work in common, danger shared, and hardships, bind men together as comrades. Can't we get this comradeship without the killing? This is the question men asked themselves, and Toc H is the answer. Substitutes are generally shoddy imitations, but Toc H jobs—or service—are not a substitute for war danger and hardship and work: they are an improved model.

Take that exalted desperate feeling with which you climbed over the parapet into the first wave of the attack, or when you saw Jerry's helmet above the far end of a machine gun; or struck your trench when "whizz-bangs," "minnies," and "fire-apples" came after you like sand-flies in summer. Well, you have the same all-in, all-out feeling, less intense, but more prolonged, when you climb over the top of your personal defences of class and self, into the life of your neighbour. The adventure of Service does take real four o'clock in the morning courage, and weaklings fail at first. But comrades carry you through. The idea of service is what makes the distinctive quality of Toc H, when added to the indefinable Toc H Spirit. Toc H is so young that this side of it is still experimental. The few things we here have discovered about jobs—our philosophy—are as follows:—

- (1) The worker is more important to us than the job.
- (2) The job is more important to the worker than himself.
- (3) Two men on a job are not just two men—but a whole heap more.
- (4) Round pegs in square holes are much better than idle pegs and empty holes—but you must aim at avoiding waste of talent if it is there.
- (5) The motive is the main thing to attend to. A humble job done from a high motive counts more than an imposing mass of scrap work.
- (6) A mixture of permanent and individual jobs with corporate and occasional jobs is best for developing the right spirit.
- (7) A man's first duty is to his profession or trade, and his dependents, but if that remains his first and last duty, he is less than a full-sized man.
- (8) Toc H aims not at merely occasional jobs of service, but at a life lit up with the Toc H spirit.
- (9) Volunteers are better than pressed men, but when a man has enlisted as a volunteer, don't hesitate to take him at his word, but give him his orders.

A NEW ZEALAND MEMBER.

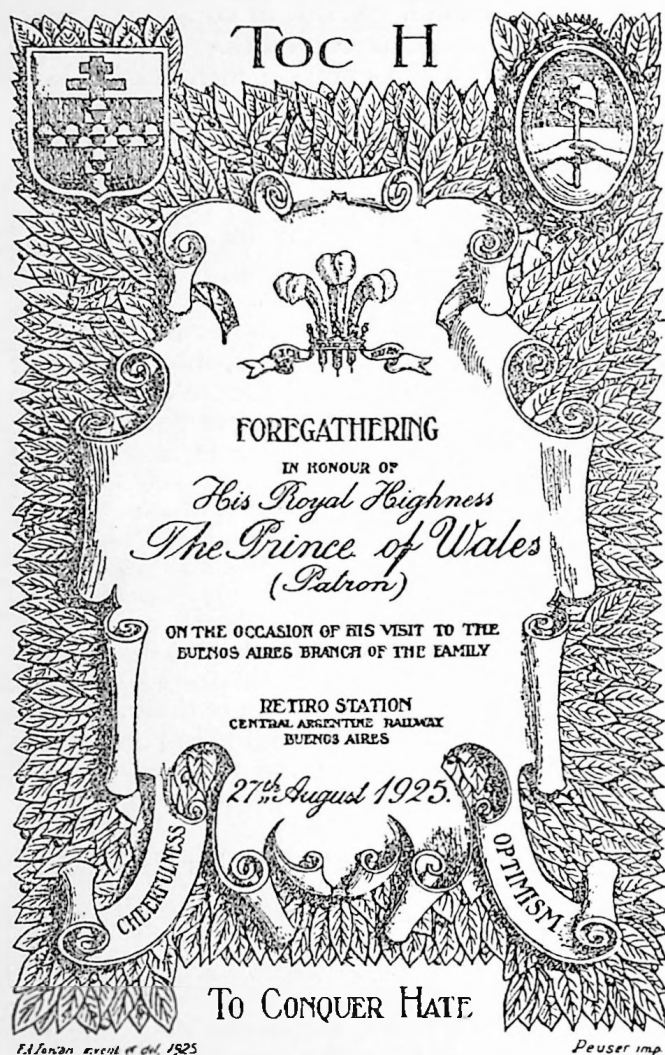
QUARRY HOUSE

Tooting Group write to share their discovery of a holiday resort for Branches or Groups in company or for individuals, at Hastings, with its seaside-bathing, town, and nearby country-walks. Here is a big roomy house in its own grounds, where campers, too, will find games, comforts, and a warm welcome. A week's stay costs £2, and a card to the Warden, Quarry House, Quarry Hill, St. Leonards-on-Sea, brings you further information.

BON VOYAGE TO THE PRINCE !

WHEN H.R.H. the Prince of Wales left home for South America on January 15 the whole nation was aware that it had bidden Godspeed to its best Ambassador on yet another arduous journey. And we in Toc H knew that the Embassy was also ours. For the Patron, who has made it his invariable custom to meet and encourage Toc H on each of his overseas

visits, carried with him the names and addresses of all our units on the South American continent. How and where and when he will be greeted by his fellow-members must depend on his strenuous programme of public duties, but we know that he will make the opportunity. As this is his second visit to South America, it will not be his first personal touch with Toc H there, but he will find the family greatly grown and much firmer on its feet since 1925. On August 27 of that year he spent three-quarters of an hour with his fellow members "in the midst of as full a programme as any man has ever been called upon to fulfil." In a room at the Retiro Station at Buenos Aires, provided and decorated for the purpose by the Argentine Southern Railway, still allies of Toc H, 69 members of Buenos Aires Branch, headed by Sir Beilby Alston, the British Ambassador (to whom the Branch Lamp of Rio de Janeiro was later to be dedicated) were joined by 17 members from Mendoza group and 10 from Rosario. It was a really happy meeting and an immense encouragement to a very young section of our world-wide family. As the Prince himself said : "It is the nurseries of the new young branches of Toc H that count so much in the lives of those who,



although they live very far away, belong, as we do, to the British Empire." The cover of the programme used for this historic meeting is here reproduced again.

In 1928 Tubby was our next Ambassador to the Spanish-speaking foreign countries where our fellow-members carry on so steadily—not only the Argentine this time, but Brazil and Chile also. To that visit is due much of the condition of "feet firm and hands busy" which the Patron, we hope, will have an opportunity of appreciating. It was his intention to say good-bye

personally to Tubby among many other personal friends. The great pressure of public and private business in his last few days in England made this impossible, as it proved. Tubby, however, discovered a characteristic form in which to convey his, and all Toc H's, Godspeed. He sent the Prince at the last minute a copy of *Pickwick Papers* (lucky are the folk who have heard Tubby read this book aloud!) "interleaved" with notes on Toc H South America and with the list of units pasted in at the end. The answering telegram from the recipient reads:—

So many thanks for the Pickwick. Extremely sorry could not see you before my departure, but will remember about Toc H, West Coast, Argentine and Rio. Au revoir! EDWARD P.

With all confidence we can leave it at that.

A Letter from Chile

The spirit of Toc H in South America is amply expressed in this report which Tubby sends us.

"TO belong to Toc H is to be committed to the great adventure of serving God and Man." Note that this sentence is in inverted commas. I could not write like this, however much I tried; it is so simple and so definite. I owe it to Jobmaster Pat Moore, who followed Doxby (Dunsterville, the secretary) of Toc H, Antofagasta. Bless his heart! What a man he must be! Thus he continues:—

"It is the replacement of distrust in the realms of civic, social, and especially industrial life, by a spirit of love and humour and co-operation. Probably it is with the replacement of distrust in social life with which we here in Antofagasta are mostly concerned, the majority of our cases being the helping of down-and-outs who, having encountered a bad stretch in their lives, are liable to let things go and consider life but a miserable thing; having no ideals, being content to beg a *peso* or two with which to get a drink, quite often omitting to take any food. It is with these men that we are mostly concerned, and try to make them see that after all there is a lot in life which should not be set aside. We have been very successful so far in finding some of these men employment and so re-establishing them in a more normal state of living. Naturally, we have also had our disappointments—some of the men proving themselves to be just out for all they could get; but they have been few, and the success of our mite indeed gratifying.

Another feature of our work is the visiting of hospitals. We have in the past been quite busy in this respect, and with the help of some newspapers and a few cigarettes have been enabled to bring a certain amount of cheer to the poor blighters in hospital. Also we can occasionally be of some comfort to the patients in the British and American Nursing Home by getting along there for a few minutes to have a talk with them as to what is going on outside. Entertaining the crews of various cruisers that visit this port has also been a successful phase of our work.

Members of Toc H, however, have to see to it that service is something more than a string of unrelated acts of charity. Many people have the idea that Toc H is a wonderful organisation for the collection of funds to assist various charities. This is unfortunate, as here in Antofagasta it has always been our lot to come before the public with some sort of appeal for funds—subs. for the entertainment of the crews of cruisers, and so forth.

Toc H is not a society like other societies. The world is littered with societies which have sacrificed their peculiarities and thus become fruitless and sedentary and feebly comprehensive. A society must be a stream and not a pool. It may flow from many sources, but they must all flow, when they meet and mingle, in the same direction. It is therefore necessary that they exhibit a natural unity of spirit and purpose if they are to accomplish anything. If we are to be the servants of England, let us begin by being the servants of the servants of England, or at least their companions for a time upon the lowest scale. Once a man gets to understand the poor, and in some tiny measure to share his outlook, he has more chance of becoming a good citizen and a keen Christian than by any way whatsoever. Jobs of service must be done, and Job-mastery as a science must continue to receive every attention and care; but in a materialistic age it is needful that all should bear witness to the fact that service comes naturally from a pure and

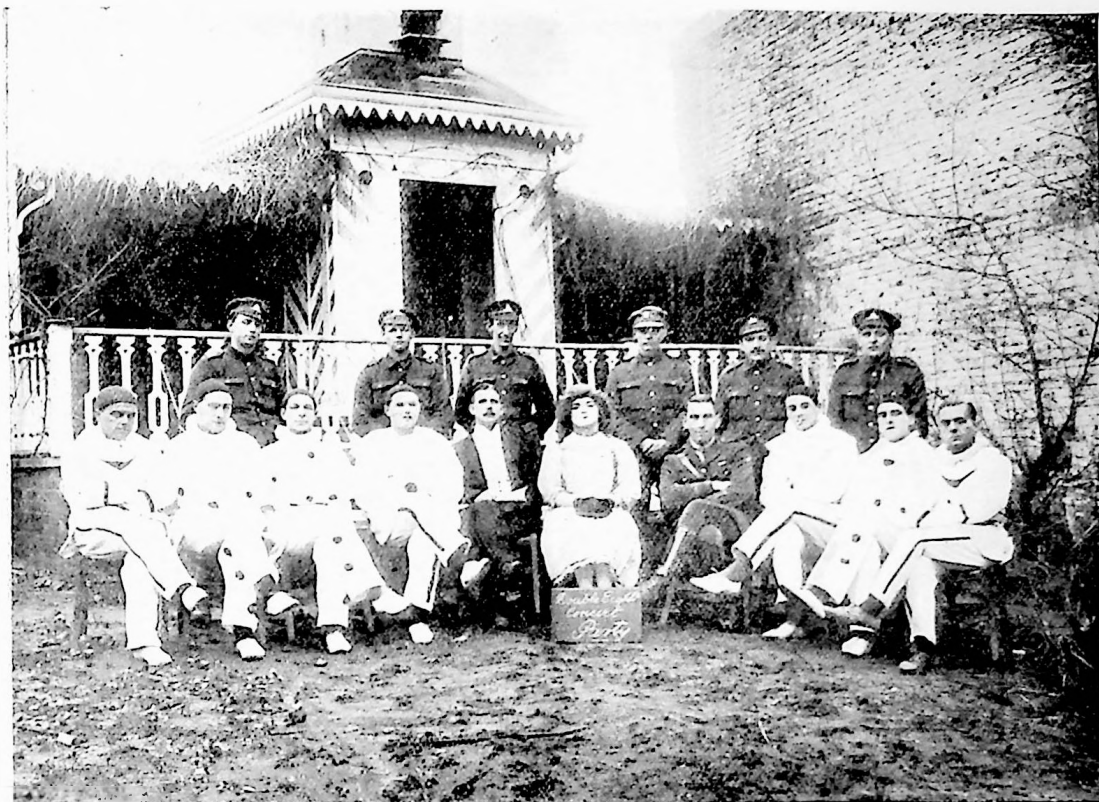
ever-running spring of purpose. What we in Toc H call the "Toc H Spirit"—Vision, Courage, Love, Integrity, Convinced Purposefulness—these are constant elements in Toc H. They remain unchangeable. The deeds we use as an expression of these constant elements—jobs, methods, symbolic ritual—these are temporal elements. They are changeable. However, to give jobs the wrong place in the life of Toc H would be to encourage the performance of service merely as a price of membership. It is not exaggeration when one emphasises such a probability as a great danger to the movement, for it is so much easier "to do" than "to be." It is necessary, therefore, to prevent Toc H becoming merely an agency for the supply of social workers.

The Birth of Toc H on the West Coast

It will probably be interesting to hear how Toc H started in Chile in the middle of March, 1927, when four members of the English Colony in Valparaiso got together and decided that it would be a good thing to have a group of Toc H there. The idea was enthusiastically received, but many difficulties were encountered and things began to get rather dull and so fall off—chiefly due to the fact that everybody was working in the dark without the real idea of the spirit of Toc H.

In September, 1927, Tubby arrived in Valpo, and Charles Hassal (who was acting Hon. Sec. for the group recently formed) told Tubby all about his difficulties. A meeting was called and attended by the majority of the male Britishers resident in Valpo. At this meeting Tubby and his supporters who accompanied him explained fully the aims, objects and ideals of Toc H to all present, and from that night Toc H was born in Chile, knowing full well the meaning of Toc H. The four founder members, Padre Hardy, Messrs. Hassal, Lake and Munroe-Faure were appointed committee, and right away things began to go ahead. Application was made for the recognition of Padre Hardy as Padre of the Group, and at the same time a Rushlight was applied for, the symbol of Group status. These requests were granted and the Group carried on a noble work splendidly and are still doing so. At the beginning of this year, Branch status was applied for and obtained, and Valparaiso Branch is now our parent for groups in Chile, and official H.Q. with Executive Committee. Santiago, Antofagasta and Iquique were also visited by Tubby and his colleagues. Unfortunately during Tubby's stay in this port he was unable to get ashore.

We were the second to apply for Group status and it was granted to us in March, 1929. We have our Rushlight, which we soon hope to change for a Lamp. Our initiates number sixteen, although actually at the moment we only have a membership of eleven. This is due to the fact that several of our members have been transferred to other posts and so have had to bid us farewell. We have great hopes of increasing this membership roll very soon and have several probationers almost ready for initiation, but are still in need of more probationers. It is necessarily a slow business as the probation period must be as rigid as possible. Therefore, with a nucleus formed of a certain number of fully initiated members, the rest are watched by them and picked out for initiation as work advances. The advantage of this method over that of starting with a large body of members is obvious. It ensures a close corporate sense among the inner group and real knowledge of each other from the first. By this means, though the Group grows slowly in its numbers of initiated members, the team spirit within it is all the more serviceable and united. Every fortnight, Friday at 8 p.m., we hold our meetings here. First we have supper, just a simple meal which we try to keep full of humour and good fellowship, doing our own waiting and keeping the cost as low as possible. Usually we pay five dollars each for the meal, to cover cost. The Ceremony of Light is then called for by the Chairman, and this is followed by business—minimum formality, maximum speed, being the motto. We then end with howls around the piano, followed by a few prayers by the Padre. Now and again a business meeting is called, this being attended only by initiated members—mainly for the purpose of deciding some question that it has been impossible to decide at ordinary meetings. We have a committee of "Elder Brethren"—the Padre, Rev. Phillips, Loutit and Sword—I call them this as we look upon them as the Three Wise Men, and should any difficulty arise we expect them to settle it.



THE photograph we here reproduce is an interesting and unexpected relic of the last days of the war-history of Talbot House, Poperinghe. It shows the "Eighty-Eights," the concert-party of 88th Siege Battery, R.G.A., in the garden of the Old House in January, 1919. The photograph was recently seen by chance and borrowed for the JOURNAL by a member in the Midlands from a non-member, Mr. H. H. Cooper, of West Bridgford, Nottingham, who is seen in "immaculate evening dress" in the front row of the picture. He says that the outfit was found in Talbot House itself—but whether it had been a property of a previous concert party or the property of Mr. Camerlynck, our landlord, does not appear. Apart from the charms of the heroine and the cheerful gallery of "her" attendant artists, the background of the group contains a feature of real interest. For it shows the comic Summer-house at Poperinghe standing in the middle of the vinery at the end of the garden, and not as now, on a mound in the centre of the garden. A vine now runs all along the wall of this terrace, under a light glass shelter.

88th Siege Battery was formed in December, 1915, at Pembroke Dock and disbanded in July 1919. Its last station across the Channel was at Poperinghe from December, 1918, to April, 1919. "The earlier part of the time here" (says the regimental history) "was devoted to a general furbishing up, culminating in a grand parade in the Square at Pop. on January 13th, when General Sandys, G.O.C., R.A., XIX Corps, inspected the whole Brigade, and complimented the O.C. on our turn-out. A great revival in music took place. The original gramophone still survived, and was played nightly to admiring crowds. Our very own concert party started operations, and led a merry existence till demobilization killed it."



"In Somerset some still say that Arthur as King shall one day come again."—(page 73.)

THE HOLY THORN: A Legend and a History—I



TO the eyes of a watcher upon the Island, had one been there, the Boat would have seemed scarcely more than a tired sea-bird resting on the shining expanse of waters at sundown. Yet it carried a dozen men and a most precious Burden besides. Over the smooth low swell, a shadow against the glowing curtain of the marvellous Western heaven, the Boat was moved steadily landward by its frayed brown canvas. Weary were the rough lads who had handled sheet and tiller through sleepless nights of storm and this long day of shallow and shoal. Weary with great age and his high undertaking was the old man who sat in the stern, his eyes bent, as in a trance, on the nearing shore of the Island,

his hands clasping always upon his knees that precious Burden, covered close in a white linen cloth which bore a crust of sea salt but no defilement from other men's hands. You might have thought him sleeping, so still he sat in the stern, but his mind was vividly awake. As the Island shore, the goal of his long journeying, drew every minute nearer, he traced again for the ten thousandth time in his mind the whole sequence of his pilgrimage.

It had begun thirty years before on the best remembered day of his long life, when he stood, a little apart, on a bare hilltop to watch God die. He had heard that piercing Cry and seen the vault of heaven darkened with thick cloud and felt the earth shudder beneath his feet. Panic fear had seized him—he remembered this with shame—and had sent him headlong down the hill to the city gate. And there a Voice had spoken courage to him and called him to a holy task. Unflinching he had gone up to the foreign governor's house, had overborne all delays by his urgency, had stood face to face with this stern, grave man, no longer dreaded, and had asked boldly for the Body of Jesus. Thence returning to his own house he had taken out of his store a great bale of fine white linen, and bidding his son Josephes carry the ladder from the courtyard and follow, had returned to the hilltop, now empty of its excited multitude. As they climbed, these two, facing into a sunset as quiet and golden as this to which his back in the Boat was now set, their eyes had been held by the black ribs of a triple gallows: the three Crosses upon Golgotha were always present to him if he closed his eyes at any waking moment in all the years afterwards. And then his son Josephes had reared the ladder against the central Cross of the tree, and up its swaying stem he himself had climbed. It had taken all his powers of muscle and of mind to tear those long iron nails from the wood and free the dead Hands, and he had held his breath and felt the sweat break cold on his face as he wound the linen roll about the breast of the Crucified and beneath His armpits and lowered His Body into the hands of those few friends who looked up to him through their tears from the ground below. And as the Body swayed heavily towards the ground the cruel gash in its side had opened again: two stiffening gouts of blood

from the cold Heart itself had fallen into the bosom of his son Josephes and had been caught there between his breast and the fold of his tunic. These, in two little cruets of glass, closely sealed, were the precious Burden which the old man now guarded under the linen cloth upon his knees.

That portent of suffering had not been all, but indeed the sign that his pilgrimage was to begin and thenceforth to continue. All the years of it he now saw again, concentrated in his mind as the shining image in a crystal sphere. He saw the garden where, in the moon's light chequered by the olive leaves, he had anointed his Master's Body and wrapped it for burial; he heard even now the stone door, round as a millstone, rumble hollowly as with all their might the few friends rolled it across the cavernous mouth of the tomb. He saw the field path thence by which he had returned to the city. As he entered the deep shadow of the alley to his own house, he felt still the strong hands which, at the insatiable bidding of the High Priests, had gripped his arms and covered his mouth and carried him to a dark prison: no window was there to show a star and the door was barred and a sentry stood, with arms clanking when he stirred, against it. Three nights had passed and two days blind as night, but on the third morning he had heard the Voice again as he stood at prayer—"He is risen, risen!" it whispered plainly to him. And immediately a light shone, dazzling his unaccustomed eyes. Jesus Himself stood there and he, unworthy, had fallen down at the pierced Feet, face to the wet earthen floor, and had not dared to say "Master" as his whole heart bade him. On the moment it seemed to him that the whole prison-house was lifted into the air as by angels' hands, and when he raised himself from the floor, behold, he was standing at the door of his own father's house in Arimathea where he was born. The crystal image now grew dim, for he had lain in a fever upon his bed forty days. But after that the Voice spoke again to him "Go, thou also, and bear the Gospel to those that sit in darkness."

How the Thorn came into Britain by Land and Sea

So he had made ready, saying farewell to no kinsman or friend and leaving all his substance behind: only his young son Josephes and the precious Burden of the two glass cruets he took with him. All his long journey, hungry and perilous, passed now before him in the crystal image of his mind—the desert sand where white bones showed the way, the fearful sea where his shipmates had given themselves up for lost, the unkind strangers with their strange speech, the sharp ice and sharper air of the Alpine glaciers, the languorous heat of the vineyards in the plains of Gaul that bade him stay and rest after so much pain. But ever the Voice said "Go, bearer of the Gospel," and ever he went on. And at last—happy the hour of meeting!—he had caught up with his friend who had gone out before him at the same Command—Philip, one of the Master's own friends. Long years had they lived together and laboured in Gaul among the heathen Armorican tribes. Long years—but his rest was not yet. For Philip, listening to the Voice that ordered all their going, had bidden him choose twelve who believed and set sail for an uncharted Island in the rough Northern seas.

So he had chosen Josephes, his son, and other eleven and had set sail, steering by the Northern star. With a fair wind they had made landfall, the rocky coast of Cymri, where Arviragus was king. Among the pagan Welsh year upon year they wrought and laboured. Sometimes did the work of the Gospel have blessing and sometimes was brought to nothing, while those that preached it first grew spent and few. But at every time God raised up twelve men faithful to continue His work. At last—and that but a few days since—Arviragus the king had bidden the old man sail Southward in peace. Wheresoever he should come ashore there was he to take twelve hides of land, one for each disciple, to have and to hold by royal decree for the Gospel's sake. And now, even now, out of the darkening West, he was coming to his inheritance, unknown and long desired, his little kingdom of God's Grace.



The black Boat moved over the quiet waters until upon the foreshore of the Island it grounded at last. The weary lads roused up with a shout and leapt ashore and made fast. And the old man in the stern, bowed down with years and labours and the long unrest of his journeyings, stood upon his feet and clasped his precious Burden to his heart with his left arm and took his stout Thorn staff in his right hand and stepped with carefulness after them. As he set foot out of the boat he drove his stout Thorn into the wet earth to steady his steps because of his precious Burden.

Then he fell upon his knees and kissed the earth that was to be his kingdom ; and afterward he lifted up his face, so that his companions saw it all transfigured in the last gleam of departing day, and praised God in the highest. But his stout Thorn staff, cut with his own hands in the garden of his Syrian home, the companion of his journeying in every perilous place this thirty years, he left standing upright in the wet earth where first he had driven it—for a sign that his pilgrimage was now ended and his kingdom won.

* * * * *

So did Joseph of Arimathea, known among the Jews as an honourable counsellor and a just man, wise and wealthy, set foot upon Ynyswytryn, "Island of Glassy Water," which some call Avalon because there is many an *aval* or apple there to this present. But the place where he and his eleven companions set foot from the boat, the slope of the hillside whereon they rested their weariness that night, men have named "Weary-all" for ever, though some say Wirrial, "The Haymakers' Hill." In time of flood and the Spring rains you may stand upon it to this day, looking out westward over the battlefield of the King's Sedgemoor and across the peaty levels of Parrett and Brue, Somerset streams, and see the flood waters shining like molten gold as the sun goes down into the far Severn Sea. These are the glassy waters of Ynyswytryn by which Joseph and his companions, the Gospel-bearers, came into our land nearly two thousand years ago.

How They built the Church, Mother of Saints

Now it happened a short while after, on the first day of May, month of Mary, Mother of God, that Joseph and his companions came over the hill Weary-all to the place where first they had landed, to give thanks. Even as they drew near, the first beam of the sun rising topped the crest of the Island and lighted upon the staff which Joseph had left standing by the waterside at his first coming and, behold, all the top of the staff was in branches—for the foot of it had struck root in the soil—and the branches were white with blossom of May. And as the men knelt round about the flowering staff, token of their journey's ending and their continuing task, the Voice spoke again to Joseph (though some declared they heard nothing but a thrush singing his first psalm among the white blossom) and Gabriel the Archangel seemed to stand beside the Thorn speaking with him: "Rise, dear servant of the Most High, and go to the place which I shall show you and build there a church, first of God's houses in all this land, in the name of God's Mother, the Blessed Virgin."

So Joseph rose up with his companions and followed the Archangel who went before them, all along the ridge of Weary-all (but those that were with him saw no one nor heard any footfall) until he came to a sheltered place on the Island, and there the Archangel stayed, and saying, "Here shall God's House be," vanished away. So they built with their own hands a house with wattles and clay and thatched it well over with reeds. Sixty feet was its length and twenty-five feet its breadth; there was one window to the East and three upon the South side and the door was near the Western end. And one of the companions, skilled in carving wood, carved a figure of the Blessed Virgin with the Child, and painted it like life and set it there. This was the first figure of Our Lady that was ever made in Britain and it was still seen in honour fourteen hundred years after, in the days of the seventh Henry. And this was God's first House that was builded in our land and Mother of all churches whatsoever in England and of many saints. Joseph of Arimathea made it in the thirtieth year after Our Lord's Resurrection, the sixty-third of His Incarnation. The place upon the Island where he made it was after named Glæstingbyrig, which is now Glastonbury in the mouths of men.

The Christmas Wonder of the Thorn

Joseph and his companions built also twelve cells of wattles, one for each man of them, hard by their church and there they dwelt, making constant intercession for the heathen land and laying their hands on many sick in body and mind, who came to them over the hills of Mendip and in little boats from the mainland. Their Gospel had honour and many were healed. And near the turn of the year Joseph bade all who now believed and had been baptised come together to Glæstingbyrig for the feast of Christ's Incarnation. When they were come, men, women and children, a full fifty, Joseph and his men made a great fire upon the ground to cheer them and at midnight brought them all into the wattled Church. And Joseph said the Mass for them there with such wonderful joy that every one of them forgot his troubles and pains, knowing for certain that his Saviour was born. The Mass ended, Joseph led them out of the Church into the

night marvellous with bright stars, and along the frozen hillside of Weary-all with singing. They had need of no torch nor lanthorn, for the bright stars looked down upon the frosty earth and the white earth sparkled up to the stars so that all their way was shining silver along the coast of the silver sea. But when they came to the landing-place together they saw a low light shine soft as a glowing coal round about the Thorn staff rooted in the soil, and drawing near in a half-circle they saw plainly that the branches had put out fresh green leaves and a crown of white hawthorn blossom where all before had been wintry dark and dry. Yet not one of the men and women and children had fear at this so strange sight, but only amazement and joy and praise. Thus was the first Christmas ever feasted in England.

* * * * *

Twice in every year from that time forward to this present day the staff of Joseph, the Glastonbury Thorn, is born again out of sleep and puts on leaf and flower—once in midwinter for token that Christ is come new-born to man, and again in spring to tell that He is risen from the dark, cold Tomb. Many a year at Christmas and at Easter the writer of these words has broken a head of white blossom from the Holy Thorn: His witness is true.

The Tree bows for Joseph's Burial

A few years had passed and Joseph, worn out by long years and labours, was on the point of death. For the last time he said Mass at the Christmas midnight in his wattled church, and then the companions carried him on their shoulders through the silver starshine to the landing place below Weary-all. At the foot of the Holy Thorn, crowned as ever with green leaves and white blossom for Christmas, they laid him down, for his strength was fast failing. And there he raised his hands and blessed them all, and, turning to the Thorn, he said, "Farewell, my good staff and friend of my earthly pilgrimage; faithful be thou though men fail. Bear witness for ever that my dear Lord was born as at this time and rose again upon Easter Day." In the moment it seemed to the sorrowful on-lookers that the Thorn moved all its leaves with a sound like tears, though the night was windless and still, and a little inclined its flowery crown as to do reverence to God and Joseph, His servant. And as the companions went to lift up Joseph to carry him home, white petals from the Tree fell upon his face and his breast and a bunch of blossom into his hand. This was assuredly for his burial, for that night he passed in sleep through the dark gates to his everlasting rest. They laid him in the holy ground of his church with the two cruets, his precious Burden, beside him and the white blossom, never yet withered, in his folded hands. And now no man knows the grave where he lies buried nor whether the two cruets of precious Blood shall ever be seen again.



The Thorn welcomes the Saints out of Ireland

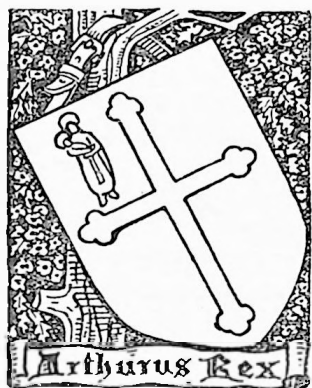
We can but guess and words cannot tell all that the Thorn witnessed in the times following. The Gospel had evil days as well as days of great splendour, but whether men honoured the token or passed it unwittingly by, the Thorn hung aloft its flowery banner without fail for Nativity and Resurrection. Joseph had a hundred years been dead when Phagan and Diruvian, two missionaries out of Surrey, came into Avalon to confirm the dwindling faith of its people. They found the mother of Churches much broken and decayed and built up its walls and set thatchers to repair its roof; they stood beneath the Thorn on Weary-all and preached the half-forgotten Good Tidings again. But when their days were ended and fierce persecution began, the heathen darkness broke like a tide over Avalon and covered it many years. The wattled Church became sanctuary no longer for men but for beasts: the wild dove hid in its thatch from the stooping falcon and beneath God's altar the she-wolf suckled her cubs. Only the Thorn gave lovely and silent witness against this reproach, whether men heeded or no.

Once more—but when or how we cannot tell—came twelve and set up the altar and began again to worship God truly and to do His will. And there was an evening, wonderfully golden and clear, when a black boat came once more out of the West to the landing-place of Weary-all. The faithful twelve stood beneath the Thorn and watched its approach with fearfulness, which turned upon its arrival to rejoicing. For it bore the great saint, Patrick, out of Ireland to their aid. Like Joseph long ago he knelt beside the Thorn to salute this consecrated earth with a kiss, and then passed on with the twelve to Avalon where he abode thirty years and was a very noble leader of men. He gathered the twelve out of the twelve cells, which Joseph and his companions had built, and made them dwell as one family under the roof of one house: this was the beginning of the great Abbey of Glastonbury, and in it Patrick, first of its Abbots, at a great age died at last. Often he would walk alone upon Weary-all and sit with his book (for in a dark age the monks of Ireland were a candle of learning) beneath the shade of the Thorn—but whether he read in his book or looked out in remembrance and longing across the Western waters towards Ireland his former home, who shall say?

Certainly on this same spot, in memory of Patrick when he was gone, one or other of the twelve would often sit and meditate alone. It was such a watcher who beheld, one evening golden and clear, a third black boat drawing to the shore out of the West. First of all saints that was a woman in the Island, Bridget of Ireland stepped out upon the landing-place and praised God with tears of weariness and thanksgiving beneath the Thorn, white as a snowdrift with blossom and very fragrant for her welcome. Bridget rested at the foot of the tree that night, for darkness had come down, and next morning bid the twelve begin build a little Chapel of St. Peter and a house for holy women and a guest room for strangers beside the Thorn upon the shore. For ever she loved this place best in all Avalon. Thereafter came many folk to the landing-place, to whom the Thorn by its unfailing token preached the two high truths of our Faith, of God made man and risen from the dead for our sakes. But at the last Bridget was

wont to go for solitude from her guest-house to the tiny island of Beckary (which some therefore call "Little Ireland"), not many stone's throws from the landing place and the Thorn. There she built a cell for herself alone and another Chapel to the name of Mary the Magdalen—you may see its stones in the ground to this day—and there also she passed away. On the night of her passing the white petals from the Thorn fell all together, so that the holy sisters from the guest-house, rising in the early morning for the first Mass, saw the ground white as with snow and knew that their mother Bridget was dead upon Beckary.

King Arthur hangs his Shield upon the Thorn



Time was when Rome ruled in all this land of ours with stern justice and a high Imperial hand. In those days you might see the plume of their helmets at Bridgewater by the Severn Sea and the sudden glint of a shield upon Weary-all when some legionary had compelled the British fisherman to row him over. For the Roman prized the apples from the orchards of Avalon and bore himself peaceably there. But about the time that Patrick first visited Ireland the Romans came no more to Britain because they were hard pressed at home and their Empire was crumbling away. Only the British chieftains that had learnt their warfare from the Roman legions were left to keep watch and ward in their own country.

It was near five hundred years since Joseph had set foot on Weary-all that all this land of ours was sore beset by the Saxon invader and the British chieftains hard put to it to hold their pagan enemy in check. At this time arose Arthur, a greater chieftain than all other among them, and he was King from end to end of the land and fought twelve great battles upon the heathen, and sent out his Knights of the Table Round to deliver all that were wrongfully used and to ride against dragons and devils. He loved often to dwell in Avalon, and in that holy earth his dead body was laid, and his Queen beside him, as you shall presently hear. But specially he was fain to rest at the guest-house which Bridget had let build beside the landing-place and to hear Mass in St. Peter's Chapel.

Now one time when Arthur lay sleeping in the guest-chamber at Weary-all the Voice spoke to him plainly at the breaking of day and bade him rise and make haste and go over to Beckary to Bridget's chapel of the Magdalen. But Sir Gawaine, his knight, that lay in a bed in the same chamber, heard no Voice and began to persuade the King it was a dream. Then the Voice spoke a second time so loud and urgent that even Gawaine heard and rose out of his bed and sent the King's Chamberlain over to Beckary to make ready for his coming. So the Chamberlain went, and, entering the Magdalen's Chapel, saw a strange, sad sight. Before the altar, all alone, a corpse covered with a white pall was lying upon a bier: at each of the four corners of the bier a lighted candle stood and upon the altar two golden candlesticks with lights. In the first moment the King's Chamberlain was afraid but in the next covetousness mastered him so that

he snatched a golden candlestick from the altar and hid it under his cloak and made to run out of the chapel. Then one sprang out upon him suddenly—but whether angel or devil he could not tell—and struck him with a knife in the groin, leaving the knife in the wound, and withdrew without any word. Groaning and crying with terror and with pain the Chamberlain came again to the guest-house and climbed the stair to the King's chamber on hands and knees and fell headlong at the feet of Arthur, now risen from his bed. Scarce time he had to show the King candlestick and knife before he died in great misery of body and soul. Arthur was perplexed and afraid as he well might be, but made ready immediately to go over to Beckary; and Sir Gawaine went behind, all armed, to see that no evil befell the King. When they came together to the Chapel they found the door guarded by two hands holding swords, one by either doorpost, but they saw no man. And Arthur kneeled on the ground before the door, confessing his sins and asking God's peace, until the hands with the swords vanished away. Then he rose and entered into the place and found a very aged man in priest's vestment standing before the altar to begin the Mass. And all the while the corpse lay covered, with the candles flaming at the four corners, but the King never saw its face nor knew whose body it might be. At the Mass also another stood beside the altar as an acolyte, and Arthur saw with deep wonder that this was no serving boy but the Mother of God herself, with the Child in her arms. And the Element he received that day was no wheaten bread but the Divine Word, lifted up and sacrificed and given by the priest: yet was the Child ever whole and unhurt in His Mother's arms. To this unspeakable favour the Blessed Virgin added yet another. For when the Mass was done, she put into the King's hand a cross of crystal as he knelt; but when he raised his eyes she was no longer to be found.

The King and Sir Gawaine crossed over again to Weary-all from Beckary, speaking no word either to other for astonishment. The crystal cross he carried to Joseph's ancient church at Avalon and in the Abbey of Glastonbury it was seen of men many a hundred year later, but now is no more. And for a sign against the heathen he made this crystal cross his device ever afterwards, and caused his armourer there and then to paint it in silver upon his shield, with the Blessed Virgin and the Child in the first quarter of the shield. On the day the shield was new painted the King arose early and put on his full armour, save for his helmet, and he took the shield from his armourer in Avalon and bore it humbly, walking on foot and bare-headed along Weary-all beside the water, until he came to the Thorn. And upon the tree he hung the shield saying: "Be thou henceforth my protector, quenching the fiery darts of the wicked. Upon this holy staff have I hung thee for my standard in the face of all mine enemies." And in the same place he let make a sword, the finest in the world, which was called Caliburn or, some say, Excalibur. With this shield and this sword he marched away to meet the heathen in Dorset and fought the Battle of Mount Badon, chief of his twelve victories. These his weapons availed him always until the last battle in the West, and were never dishonoured by heathen foe—for he that gave Arthur his mortal wound was a false Christian knight, Mordred, his own cousin and sometime friend.

How Arthur and Guinevere, dead, came to the Thorn

Of Arthur's last battle and Mordred's traitor stroke that wounded him to the death, and of the fall that day of the fellowship of the Table Round we cannot here tell. It was Sir Bedivere, a true knight of his, that bore Arthur from the field and tended his hurt and found a priest to shrive him before his great spirit passed away. Bedivere also brought the body of his King on his own shoulders to the seashore and laid it in a great black boat where waited three crowned queens to receive it from him; under a dark sail it passed from his sorrowful eyes into the darkness of night. And on the midnight there was cracking and crying of thunder over Avalon and the waves rising and roaring, and a limb of the ancient Thorn on Weary-all was riven by lightning stroke, so that men awoke from sleep and ran to see. And there they found the black boat driven on shore and the three queens standing in it beside the body of the King upon a bier in the midst. Then all they together bore the body with lamentations through the tempestuous night to Avalon, with the three queens walking before, and laid it in the holy earth of Joseph's Church at the sun's rising. And they graved a leaden plate and laid in the King's tomb, with these words: *Hic jacet Arturus, Rex quondam Rexque futurus*—"Here lieth Arthur, King once and King to be." Wherefore in Somerset some still say that Arthur as King shall one day come again. Upon the earth of the grave they laid his shield with the silver cross, all dinted by the traitor's sword, and on the shield a riven branch of the Thorn in blossom, which was not changed or withered many months until Christmas came. Sir Bedivere, who followed sorrowfully to Avalon afoot and unarmed from the battlefield, marching many days, found these things so when he came. But he himself, after he had heard a Mass said for the King's soul, turned back to Weary-all and put off his knighthood and became a hermit, building himself a cell of reeds in the shade of the Thorn, and so abode to his life's end.

The years passed, full five, and on a night dark and still Bedivere rose from his prayers and stood in the doorway of his cell beneath the blossoming bough of the Thorn. Lifting his eyes to the crest of Weary-all he was aware of a strange unrestful light behind the dark hill, and a sad, sweet music began to reach his ears. He was astonished at the light, for he knew that no moon would be rising at that hour, and presently he heard the sheep that pastured on the hill bleating and scampering and the roosting birds in the bushes begin to chatter with alarm because the light and the music drew ever more near. And presently a great company, marching in ranks with torches, pennons and loud, sad singing, came down from the crest of the hill. One that ran before them came to him breathless and told him how Guinevere—that was Arthur's unfaithful queen and after his death had taken the veil in Almesbury and been abbess there and a holy woman at last—was dead and even now coming to burial beside the King in Avalon. Then Bedivere, standing before his cell beneath the blossoming Thorn, made ready to receive her



as she came. So the company drew on, slowly marching and ever singing, with a hundred men bearing torches and eight knights armed, with silken pennons upon their long lances, and a horse-bier in the midst, slung between two milk-white geldings, whereon lay the body of Guinevere, their sometime Queen. Before the bier went ever a man barefoot, in only a white shift torn and stained with a long journey, and as he went he beat upon his breast and sang *Kyrie Eleison*, "Lord have mercy." And when this man drew near, Bedivere saw that it was Lancelot du Lac, wild-eyed and wan, who had been the chiefest of all Arthur's fellowship until he loved the Queen too well to the undoing of them both. Coming to the waterside they all halted and stood, and set down the bier with the body of Guinevere in the midst beneath the Thorn. Then Bedivere signed the Queen's body with the sign of the Cross, and ran a pace to meet Lancelot: "Ah, my dear brother Lancelot," he said, "how woefully art thou come again to me at last." But Lancelot said no word, only he groaned terribly to hear, as though his heart even now was burst in his body, and he swooned away in the arms of his friend. Bedivere laid him upon the ground with his head pillowed upon the ancient foot of the Thorn, and set water to his lips and bathed his face with cold water which one of the company brought in his helmet from the waterside. And thus he continued for the space of a full quarter hour, so *fast* was Lancelot fallen in his swoon. All this time the company halted and stood, and there was no sound in the still night but the crackling of the hundred torches and the noise of a knight's horse that tossed its iron bit and struck an impatient shoe against a stone. At last Lancelot opened his eyes and looked out of his swoon into the blossoming boughs above him, shining like a rosy cloud in the light of the torches, and sighed once and said: "Dear Tree that honourest my Lord Christ in His Nativity and glorious Resurrection, would that I had been faithful as thou! Holy land of Avalon, country of the Saints of God, now I come home to thee to do God's will." Then he rose and kneeled humbly at the feet of Bedivere; and Bedivere laid his two hands upon Lancelot's head, with tears and sighs because he loved him dearly as a brother, and blessed him in the name of God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and afterward he lifted Lancelot to his feet and put his arms about him and kissed him and bade him have comfort and go in peace. So they went on their journey, the white horses that bore the Queen's body between them upon the bier and the eight knights riding beside and the hundred men with torches, and Lancelot du Lac walked barefoot before them into Avalon, singing *Domine refugium*, "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge." All the while Bedivere, the hermit, stood before his cell beneath the blossoming Thorn and watched them going until he saw no more the gleam of their armour in the light of the torches and the colour of their pennons; and the gates of Avalon swallowed them up out of his sight. Then he fell all along with his face to the ground beneath the Thorn and so stayed that whole night through until the silver dawn was in the East, for he wrestled in prayer for the immortal souls of Guinevere and of Lancelot his friends, who had loved each other sinfully before God and men. But Lancelot laid the Queen to rest in holy earth beside Arthur with splendour, and with lamentation for the great wrong he had done them both. And when the earth covered them he

himself could never leave that place, but stayed fasting and fitfully sleeping beside their royal grave until he sickened and died in his grief. So ended Lancelot du Lac, first of all knights in Christendom and never matched in combat by mortal man's hand, and was borne to his own castle of Joyous Gard and there buried. But the bodies of Arthur and of Guinevere were seen long after in their graves at Glastonbury by the second Henry—the bones of the King greater than any living man, with the gash of the traitor stroke upon the skull, and the Queen with her beautiful hair still golden, which fell at a touch into dust.

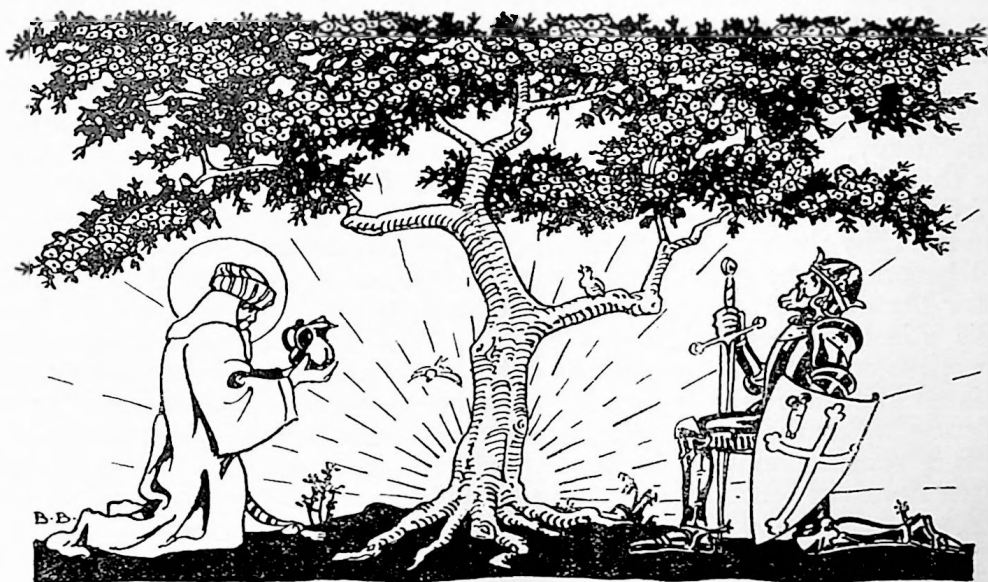
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Thus we close the Legend of the Holy Thorn.

Whether St. Joseph of Arimathea ever came to England, the first bearer of the Gospel to this country, let the historians continue to dispute among themselves: at least they cannot disprove for certain a tradition which is very old. The old question who Arthur was—and his renown has left traces so vivid all over England, in Scotland, Wales and Brittany, that country folk in our own day still feel his power—continually fascinates students and probably will never be fully solved. Whatever be the "facts," as a historian reckons fact, there is a high truth in legend which strongly moves any mind but the dullest. Whether these heroes of legend "lived" or not, they will remain always intensely alive for poets and lovers and children and all child-like people—in other words for all who have not exchanged the great gift of faith for the shabby makeshift of "matter-of-fact" living and thinking.

And next time we shall trace—in a manner more befitting fact than fancy—some episodes in the verifiable history of the Glastonbury Thorn, up to the day of its coming to Talbot House at Poperinghe.

BARCLAY BARON.



OPEN THEIR EYES THAT THEY MAY SEE

For the following article, which deals with a problem of which very few of our members at home have any conception, we are indebted to Mr. C. G. HENDERSON (late I.C.S.), President of the All-India Blind Relief Association.

ALL over the East, and in fact in most tropical and sub-tropical countries, blindness is very prevalent, and only of recent years have people begun to realise that much of this blindness can be relieved, and still more of it, if not most of it, could, with proper measures taken, be prevented. In Egypt, renowned for its sufferings from blindness, it was a gift of some £43,000 made by Sir Ernest Cassel at the beginning of this century that was the initiation of that fine ophthalmic service which, begun under the guidance of Mr. McCallam, has now spread all over the country and gives medical treatment to three or four hundred thousand patients a year. Turkey, Arabia, Africa, Persia, India and China are all countries where there is a very high incidence of blindness and suffering from eye disease, and where Western medicine has not yet penetrated sufficiently deeply to make much impression on the vast masses of the mainly rural and illiterate populations. There is a great "trachoma belt" extending from China into Eastern Europe, stopped only from spreading all over the West by the higher standard of sanitation and cleanliness which the advanced European nations have attained. Doctor Ernest Fuchs, of Vienna, after describing a visit paid by him to Abyssinia, where he found the eye conditions appalling and facilities for medical relief entirely absent, says in his address to the American Society for the Prevention of Blindness:—"I think there is a very wide field for a Society which extends its work over the frontiers of America, and more or less throughout the whole world. I think if something could be done in the South countries (and Abyssinia is only one instance), such as Turkestan, Afghanistan and others, along the line of work done in Egypt, establishing travelling hospitals, hospitals in tents which would treat the people of neighbouring cities and stay there maybe for eight or ten months, it would be of great benefit to those countries."

"In Turkey," said Dr. Alden Hoover many years ago, "trachoma is so prevalent that there should be a clinic in every city of the country. The amount of defective vision and consequent inefficiency is incalculable. The prevention of blindness, by the control of trachoma, gonorrhœal ophthalmia and small-pox, would be one of the greatest blessings America could give to Turkey." The field for the eye specialist, he says, is unlimited.

India is in this great "blindness belt." According to the last census returns, there are 480,000 *totally* blind persons in this population of more than 300 millions. That is an incidence of one and a half totally blind to every thousand of the population. But the census figures are notoriously defective. And in several districts a special count of the totally blind has been made, and wherever this has been done the census figures have been found to be very much too low.*

* Thus, in the Nasik district an incidence of at least 4.38 per thousand was found as against the census figures of 1.74. In Ratnigiri an incidence of 1.5 was found as against the census figures of 0.7; in Bijapur 2.6 as against 0.7; in the United Provinces a Deputy Commissioner had a count made and found no less than 9 per thousand, while in Palampur 7 per thousand was found.

If, as is not unlikely, this sort of error of under-estimation in the Census Report is general, then it is not unreasonable to suppose that the real number of totally blind persons in India is more like one and a half millions than the half million shown in the census returns.

These are the figures for total blindness, and they by no means give the full picture, for they include only people totally blind of both eyes and say nothing of the much greater number who, from neglected eye diseases, are partially, or even nearly, blind, and whose happiness and efficiency are thus greatly impaired. In Egypt the Department of Public Health



Group of Mohammedan patients at a "Camp" in Sind.

accounts as blind any person who cannot count fingers at a distance of one metre. If such persons were counted in our statistics of total blindness in India, there is little doubt that the figures would be very much larger than those indicated above. Recently the All-India Blind Relief Association has made an analysis of a very large number of patients attending its camps and dispensaries, and has found that among these patients for every totally blind person there are three with more or less damaged vision, the result of eye disease. It appears not unlikely that the true ophthalmic condition of India would be represented by figures showing $1\frac{1}{2}$ million totally blind persons, and in addition to these $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions with more or less impaired eyesight.

"No one," says Colonel R. H. Elliot (late of the Madras Ophthalmic Hospital, writing in the *British Journal of Ophthalmology* of May 1919), "who has not worked in India can form a conception of the enormous amount of preventable and curable blindness which is laying its shadow over the health, happiness and usefulness of this great portion of our Empire." And the same writer in another place has said:—"It is difficult for anyone who has not had first-hand experience of medical practice in the East to realise the state of things out there. Granular ophthalmia claims its victims by the ten thousands, whereas it is really a disease which, when properly treated at an early stage, should not cause the loss of a single eye. The neglect of patients suffering from small-pox and other febrile conditions also leads to a vast amount of unnecessary blindness. Large numbers of men and women suffering from glaucoma, from cataract and from other curable diseases, are allowed to hide in their villages like wounded animals, waiting

only their release by death. This is not an overdrawn picture. It is a statement of cold, hard, cruel facts well known to everyone who has practised, or is practising, medicine in the East."

Associations known as "Blind Relief" Associations have been working for several years in Western India in conjunction with Government Hospitals, to alleviate this affliction of blindness. The number of eye doctors in India is notoriously small, and those there are, are congregated mostly in the large towns. Out of 320 millions in India only about eight millions live in the cities. The Associations work by means of travelling hospitals, which bring relief to the villages and rural areas. They also work by means of trained village workers, called field workers, whose duty is to find out the "hidden blind" and get them to the medical centres for relief; to find out cases of small-pox (a constant cause of blindness in children); to inspect new-born children for the detection of *ophthalmia neonatorum*; to keep registers of all blind and partly blind persons and persons suffering from eye diseases; and to treat in the villages simple cases of eye disease like conjunctivitis or sore eyes. Since their inception the Associations have been the means of restoring sight to thousands of blind people and of preventing blindness in many thousands more. The work is capable of indefinite extension, and such extension is only restricted by lack of funds and lack of workers.

The All-India Blind Relief Association (the Green Star Society) exists to co-ordinate and centralise the various Associations and to help and extend their work. It is under the patronage of His Excellency the Viceroy, and His Excellency the Governor of Bombay, and has as its Life-President the present writer, who started and managed for many years all the Branch Associations working in Western India. It is affiliated to the International Association for the Prevention of Blindness, which has its headquarters in Paris and was started last year under the auspices of the League of Red Cross Societies and the American Society for the Prevention of Blindness.

A beginning has thus been made, but it is only a beginning, and it is but the fringe of this vast problem that has been touched. Funds are required and workers are required. More eye-doctors especially are needed. The clinical material is almost unlimited, and the experience to be gained and the fascinating nature of the work should be an attraction to the medical man.

But let not the layman think that he can do nothing. This movement was initiated by a layman, and it is still to a great extent under the guidance of laymen. Laymen and laywomen would be most welcome for organisation, finance, propaganda and other purposes. It may be of interest to Toc H members to know that Toc H members of Cawnpore and Lucknow are already helping the work in England.

C. G. H.

NOTE.—Full details and the literature of the Association can be obtained from the Organising Secretary, All-India Blind Relief Association (the Green Star Society), Town Hall, Bombay. Those in England who are interested might communicate with Mr. C. G. Henderson, the President (who has been in England since October 1), at 80, Gordon Road, Ealing, London, W.5.

THE WAR MEMORIAL

THE statue was the figure of a young soldier
Eagerly stretching his hand out to receive a Cross
As though he saw a vision of something splendid beyond
So that it seemed to him not pain or loss
Any more to receive it. Only exultation
Was in the tense up-straining poise of his limbs ;
So great was the sense of it that the very air around
Seemed to resound with trumpet-calls and hymns.

* * * *

An alderman unveiled it,
Appropriately robed in red,
And the parson spoke of husbands, sons, and brothers,
Most of the mothers
Stayed at home ; but there were crowds there
Of the older folk who had already forgotten
(Although they thought that they remembered)
And of the younger folk with nothing to be forgotten.
And the movie-men,
And, of course, the reporters
Ready to manufacture bright and readable accounts of grief
Or "shoot" the tears of weeping wives and daughters.
A Boy Scout, more genuinely moved than most,
Played the Last Post.

"A statue worthy of our town," everyone said
As they went home to bed.

* * * *

And the next morning they began it all over again,
Cheating and backbiting and gossiping about their friends,
And talking about their "social standing,"
And whether Mrs. So-and-So really spends
More than her husband's income.
Most of them were ardent supporters of the League of Nations
And said fervent Amens in church to prayers for peace,
But such considerations
Did not prevent them from talking in trains and buses
About the Yellow Peril and the methods by which it must be met,
Or about "those blasted Yankees and their Naval Programme,"
And the Bolsheviks—"We've not seen the last of them yet."

* * * *

But they were very proud indeed of their War Memorial.
"A statue worthy of our town," they said.

Some of the mothers sometimes prayed
That the town might be a memorial worthy of the Dead.

A. G. C.

A BOOK OR TWO

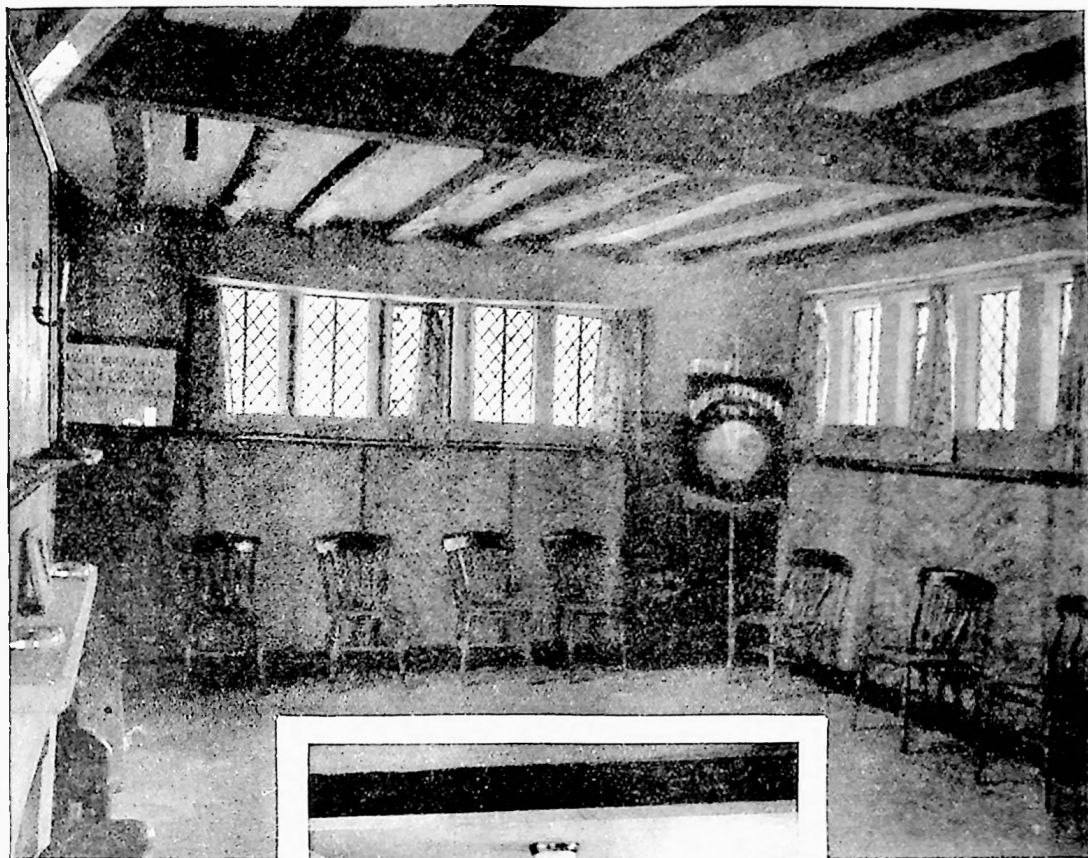
Palms and Patios : Andalusian Essays. By Rodney Collin. Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d.

Let us at once divulge a secret about this book, at once so attractive in its glowing purple cover, good print and beautiful illustrations. The pen-name of "Rodney Collin" but thinly disguises the Sub-Editor of the *Toc H JOURNAL*: it is his first book, "Op. I," but may it be the precursor of many as delightful; for the author is a real traveller and not a mere tourist—a distinction which is far too little realised. Your English tourist, whether a "charabanger" in Devon or a member of a "conducted" party to Paris or Timbuctoo, or a passenger in the *Train Bleu* to the Sunny South, wraps his native atmosphere like a blanket stuffily round him. Noisily or haughtily or with a kindly, half-contemptuous interest he surveys from a safe distance the queer habits of the "damned foreigner." When he "winter sports" he merely transplants an expensive hotel at Eastbourne into a Swiss valley: when he visits Italy or Egypt he finds them not living nations but a magnificent museum, slightly complicated by the "beastly lingo" of their guides which it never occurs to him to master. And so those little phrase-books—*All you want in French or Turkish*, etc.—provide what the tourist presumably most needs: they are stuffed with grumbling, rarely with sympathy towards the untrustworthy folk of other lands—"Driver, you have charged me too much" . . . "These sheets are not clean" . . . "Waiter, this chop is very tough" . . . "Where is the chemist? I am bilious." The true traveller is quite another man. He sheds his English blanket on the quay at Dover and tries at once, humbly and sympathetically, to mix with the nation whose guest he is, to be thought worthy of their company, to drop into their forms of politeness, to read their minds and speak their speech. So when Rodney Collin finds that the Spaniards don't accept the English shibboleth about washing one's neck he seeks—and find—the excellent reason why, and when the Spanish "omnibus" train is seven hours late in starting he sends up no sigh for the wearisome punctuality of the Great Western. The book is crammed full of the sun, the gaiety, the graceful "go easy" of the South. He discovers that the unshaven gentleman sleeping in the sun and dust at Cordoba and waking to philosophise and beg a copper from the passer-by really lives no less and no worse than his opposite number who tends a clanging loom at so much an hour in the cold fog of Huddersfield. And he clothes his keen perception and ready sympathy in words that are as vivid as their subject, passing from one delightful, humorous, lovely picture to another. This is a book for our dark Northern winter, to be read with pleasure and with envy. And, when we can, we must go to Spain. B. B.

(I can't let this go without a protest; I think it is an absurd book.—SUB-ED.)

The Uneasy Triangle. By "Apex." John Murray. 7s. 6d.

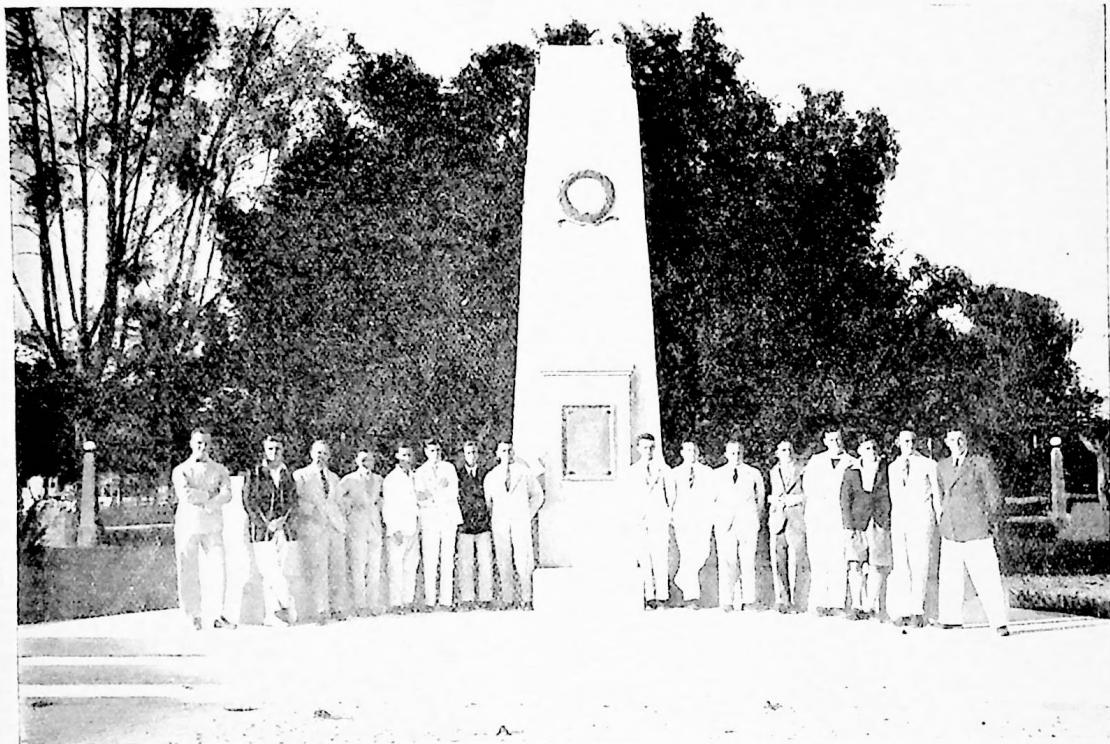
When you see that the sub-title of this book is "Four Years of the Occupation" you easily guess that the sides of the "uneasy triangle" are British, French and German and that the scene is the Rhine after the Armistice. Of how uneasy, in fact how Gilbertian (if it had not been so tragically stupid), the relations of the three sides could often be this book gives a most vivid impression. The writer had two kinds of experience on the Rhine, in uniform as a regimental officer with the Army of Occupation, and in plain clothes as an officer attached to the Inter-Allied Commission. In the first position he was an ordinary member of a garrison in a "foreign station," playing tennis and fishing between turns of duty; in the second he was intimately concerned with Germans of all classes, a student of their politics, a guest in their best houses, a recipient of their real thoughts. And his peeps behind the scenes disclose the clash of three very distinct national temperaments under the artificial strain of occupation, the serious British opposition to French plans and the resultant confusion and bad feeling produced in the German mind. He writes simply, vividly and with evident effort to be fair to all parties. If you want to know how *not* to make "peace with honour," read this book.



ABOVE: Great Budworth Group's Meeting Room is the Old School House in the Churchyard, built about 1600. The Group took it over in very dilapidated condition, and restored it completely.



BELOW: The Chapel of Mark XIX at Leeds, which was dedicated by the Archbishop of York in October of 1929. The cross of an unknown soldier hangs upon the farther wall.



The Group at Dar-es-Salaam in Tanganyika, East Africa, before the War Memorial.



A group of the Schools Section run by Wellington Branch, New Zealand, visiting the General Motors workshops under the guidance of Dr. Fred Kemp, Ben Malyon, and other Toc H members of the Branch.

Principles and Aims of the Boys' Club Movement and *A Guide to starting a Boys' Club*, both published by the National Association of Boys' Clubs, 27, Bedford Square, W.C.1. 6d.

The embers of the camp-fire were dying out within the semi-circle of glowing tents. Behind the black hills the moon was rising, throwing the clustered trees into sharp silhouette. The scene was observed by a foundry lad, who commented: "What a good picture that would make." It asks much of a Boys' Club and its leaders to develop to the full the boy's latent character, and it is incidents like the above which cause us to stop and consider how far clubs are fulfilling this object.

A similar stimulant is given by *Principles and Aims of the Boys' Club Movement*. Though the title may not sound appetising, the meat inside the cover of this handbook is fresh and well-seasoned, for here are discussed, with practical applications, the principles of play, fitness, comradeship, government, and leadership. Each is expounded as the basis on which established clubs should be running, and new clubs must be built, in a way refreshing to the experienced in boys' work in the Club or Troop, and encouraging to those seeking constructive guidance in newer ventures. Not only club leaders and Jobmasters, but all interested in boys' work, will welcome this booklet as the "why?" of the club, an exposition of "citizenship as club membership writ large."

The "how?" of the club is contained in the companion handbook, *A Guide to starting a Boys' Club*. It is difficult to realise the amount of information, on nearly every variety of club activity which has here been included in 20 pages, three appendices and an index. It ranges from the club which starts life with one room and a draught, to the proud possessor of a workshop, a caged yard and a caretaker. It explains what to do with a rough house and who should peel the potatoes at camp. It adds some apposite remarks on club staff and devotes a complete appendix to "A few points for leaders."

TOPSY.

IN MEMORIAM

Colin Williams : Fordsburg Group, South Africa

It was a privilege indeed to be numbered among the friends of Colin Williams, of Fordsburg Group, who, at the young age of 30 years, was called to his rest in December, 1930. Born at Dartmouth in Devon, and educated at the Royal Masonic School, Hertfordshire, Colin came to the Transvaal in 1921. He joined up with the old Church in Fordsburg, and soon showed himself to be a worker. In 1927, a "Grove" started there in one of the poorest suburbs of Johannesburg. Colin was in at the beginning, and by his enthusiasm as secretary, the "Grove" soon became a Group. Wherever service was needed, whether among the white or the coloured, children of Johannesburg, Colin was ready to serve. The whole of Toc H Transvaal mourns the loss of a man who set a high ideal for himself and strove to help others to look upward.

George Davis : Kendal Branch

George Davis, brother of Padre Sam Davis, who died on January 18, was an enthusiastic member of Kendal Branch and its Executive Committee. Though living at Underbarrow, some five or six miles from Kendal and on the other side of a range of hills, he rarely missed any family gathering if he could work it in with the other numerous activities which fall to the lot of a country schoolmaster. He loved Toc H very keenly, and its fellowships were among the richest he knew. His life has been short, but it was full and gay. His merry heart will be thoroughly at home among the Elder Brethren.

Marguerite Geraldine May

Toc H extends its deepest sympathy to Major-General Sir R. S. ("Reggie") May, who named Talbot House in Poperinghe in 1915 and was for some years after the War Chairman of the Central Executive, and to his three sons, on the sudden death of Lady May at Malton, Yorks.

THE SCHOOLS CONFERENCE

ON January 5, Headmasters, School Correspondents and representatives, and others actively interested, numbering 63 all told, some of them from very remote places, assembled at St. Paul's School to discuss the future of the Schools Section of Toc H.

HUBERT SECRETAN described last year's progress. Twenty-four schools had been added, making a present total of 162. Other additions consisted of 25 representatives, a Standing Committee, and a member of the Headquarters staff. He referred to the increasing popularity of Schools Tours, which will be specially dealt with below, and said that Schools Guest-nights, begun in the North, were being taken up elsewhere with great success. He outlined the plans in the coming year for touring the country, speaking to schools, and meeting representatives, and concluded by saying that Toc H as a whole was beginning to take more notice of the Schools Service Bureau. He was, however, no longer asking them to take notice of the Schools Service Bureau but of the Schools Section of Toc H, for the first resolution was the change of title. "Bureau" suggested nibs and typewriters, and boys had often wondered what these had to do with Toc H.

A matter of concern to representatives was next discussed. Until now a schools representative has been exposed to the risk of plodding over miles of wet pavement to call on an individual who coldly pronounced himself uninterested. The representative's thoughts, as he plodded back, were not complimentary to the correspondent who had starred that individual as one likely to respond. After a long discussion, measures were adopted to prevent such waste of energy.

PAUL SLESSOR, supported by BARKIS, then gave particulars of school pilgrimages to the Old House, stressing the true educative value of such visits as approved to usual battlefield tours.

It was next decided that school correspondents should be asked to consider joining Toc H. Lack of time is usually considered as the chief obstacle to this, but they are assured that, so far as jobs are concerned, their work in the school amply fulfils the obligation.

Nothing, however ideal its purpose, can be run without cost, and since the cost of running the Schools Section falls at present mainly on Toc H, permission was asked and unanimously granted to appeal to Old Boys' Associations for contributions and to headmasters for a voluntary affiliation fee. The work done for school-leavers going overseas was felt to be a powerful inducement that, when the last appeal had been made, had not yet matured.

Like a gourmet, the conference left the tastiest morsels till the last. These were experiments at various schools for bringing the public schoolboy into direct and friendly relations with the working lad. Mr. L. F. R. AUDEMARS (Marlborough) described the Marlborough-Swindon camp. It is not properly a camp because Swindon boys and Marlborough boys live together in the school houses, and the idea is to organise activities as in term-time, with the unimportant exception of school work. The chapel and all the school's athletic facilities are open to the "campers" and a keen spirit of inter-house rivalry keeps everyone efficient. But the friendship does not close at the end of that ten days. Marlborough have started a club in Swindon for ex-campers, and every Saturday evening during term a party from the school visits this club.

The Sussex camp, described by Mr. C. D. WALKER (Lancing), brings together boys from Eastbourne College, Hurst, Christ's Hospital, Lancing, Brighton College and Ardingly, and industrial boys from Brighton. They share tents and play games, go for long tramps over the downs and have sing-songs together. The great feature of the camp is the absence of any code of rules. The two types of boy mix freely and naturally: each one feels his responsibility towards the community and it occurs to no one to break what would be the rules, if there were any.

Mr. R. W. STOPFORD (Oundle) had to describe an experiment with which he had had no dealings for the simple reason that it had been conceived and carried out entirely by boys, and masters were allowed no hand in it. Four Oundle boys and four old boys from a London Central School spent eight days together on Dartmoor. They decided on the menu by vote, fetched food from

the nearest village three miles away, made a bathing-pool and were so happy that the London boys, not content with insisting that they should pay part of the expenses, have begun to save up for another camp next year. A similar camp was held in the Lake District. Another four Oundle boys took four apprentices from a Sheffield steel works. The success of these experiments is indicated by the fact that arrangements are on foot for eight similar camps next summer.

Many boys say, "Toc H is doubtless an excellent thing, but what exactly does it do?" and a good answer to the question of what it does and might do may prevent them from shelving the matter for lack of a definite incentive. Schools Tours supply the answer, for their object is to show how the other type of fellow lives, and what can be done to better his situation. An introduction to Toc H can also be effected by fitting a Schools Guest-night into the programme.

In Liverpool one was organised for Repton, Rossall, Rydal, St. Bees and Shrewsbury. This was conducted by Toc H in co-operation with the Settlement. It included visits to elementary schools, a boys' club, docks, the Mersey tunnel under construction and a slum area, with its contrast between the new Corporation tenement and some condemned dwellings, and a Guest-night.

In Manchester, another for Giggleswick, Ellesmere, Oundle, Rydal and Sedburgh, included visits to the docks, the Metropolitan-Vickers works, a slum area, the *Manchester Evening News* offices and a boys' club as the chief features of the tour, which also closed with a Guest-night at Mark XIV. In London, three similar tours for Harrow, Hurstpierpoint and Marlborough were carried out.

THE OLD HOUSE THIS SUMMER

(1) *Programme of Official Pilgrimages.* To the list which appeared on page 352 of the October JOURNAL, where will be found also all other information, should be added the following:

April 12-15. Schools Leaders.
 April 19/22. Schools.
 April 26-May 1. Padre's Conference.
 June 1-4. Padre Sam Davis.
 Aug. 23/26. Schools.
 Aug. 26-29. Schools.

Aug. 28-31. Padre Brockner.
 Aug. 30-Sept. 2. Schools.
 Sept. 2-5. Schools.
 Sept. 6-9. Schools.
 Sept. 9-12. Schools.

(2) *A Suggested Programme.*

Saturday:

9 a.m. Breakfast.
 10-12.30 p.m. In the Old House and Poperinghe.
 12.30 p.m. Lunch.
 1.30 p.m. Motor tour, via Ypres, St. Julian (Canadian Memorial), Tynecot Cemetery, Hooge, Sanctuary Wood (Gilbert Talbot's Grave), Canadian Memorial (Maple Avenue), Hill 60 (tea if desired), Kemmel and Poperinghe.
 7 p.m. Supper.
 8 p.m. Conference in the Old House.
 10 p.m. Prayers in the Upper Room.

(3) *Rail and Steamer Arrangements.* The exact number of tickets for Official Pilgrimages should be applied for by the leader of the party on the evening of departure, at the Continental Booking Office, St. Pancras Station, giving up his receipt, but making no payment. Bunks on the steamer cannot be guaranteed, and if any are unlucky enough to have to do without, the cost will be returned on application through their Area Secretary.

(4) *Motor Bus Tour.* The times at which the bus will be required must be notified to the Pilgrimage Secretary at Headquarters when application is made.

(5) *Unofficial Pilgrimages.* These may, of course, be organised, and the Old House is open to them at all times, though accommodation cannot be provided there. For such it is advisable to stay in a hotel at Ypres, and to make arrangements through any recognised Tourist Agency.

All correspondence must in the first case be addressed to Area Secretaries, who will if necessary communicate with the Pilgrimage Secretary at 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.

Sunday:

7.30 a.m. Holy Communion.
 9 a.m. Breakfast.
 10 a.m. Service in the Upper Room.
 12.30 p.m. Lunch.
 2.30 p.m. Train to Ypres, and go as you please. (Service in British Church at 6.)
 7 p.m. Supper at Skindles Hotel, Ypres.
 9 p.m. (8 in winter). Last Post at Menin Gate.
 9.10 p.m. Short Walk on the Ramparts.
 9.20 p.m. Bus leaves for Hazebruck, picking up baggage at Poperinghe.
 10.47 p.m. Train leaves Hazebruck for Dunkirk.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

Can Everyman Afford His Club?

DEAR EDITOR,

I would like members' views on a matter which for some long time has given me much food for thought. It is this. On many sides one hears that Toc H is "open to the chap with the muffler." We have also heard that we have far too many blokes with collars, ties, and plus fours. Are we to take it that the distinction of wearing a muffler or collar makes any difference to the "man" in a man? If such was the case I would certainly adopt the muffler, even if for comfort's sake alone. And then? Why, I would be out of a job next week, with very little prospect of getting another as long as I wore my muffler. Obviously, then, the chap with the muffler would not be in Toc H. The reason? How could he pay his way? For if I remember rightly it was pointed out in our JOURNAL some time ago that it takes about 21s. per annum in cash for the honour of paying in service the debt a chap incurs under the "Objects" set out frequently in the JOURNAL, not counting his "liabilities" under the *Four Points*.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, I belong to a Branch which has had many vicissitudes. Fortunately, because I have met many of my Family members therein, unfortunately because we could not agree, and now we are few.

I have asked myself many times how can we build up our Family? If we go for the chap with a muffler he cannot afford to be "one of us." Perhaps you may say I am taking it too literally; but I do not agree. Prove it?

For the want of somebody to take office in our Branch during its adversity I have been Jobmaster, Auditor, and Secretary. I now hold the office of Pilot. I manage to pay my annual subscription of fiveshillings, and in view of the following, can I be "one of us?"

I am a Clerk (hence the collar and tie), my salary is £3 per week, less Health and Unemployment Insurance, less rent 11s., less coal, lighting, bread, milk, Life Insurance, subscription to Toc H, Boy Scouts for son, collection at school for local hospital, Toc H

JOURNAL, boots, clothing, and less, and less, and less, plus—plus what?—why a wife and a large family of growing children. And yet I belong to that most distinctive calling and must wear what is considered correct.

There is a District Guest-night, District Committee, Council, Week-end Rally and Camp, Area Conference of Jobmasters, Birthday Festival, or some such function. Why do I not go to the close-at-hand Branches' Guest-nights, and so on? Because it means expense. Now if I want to leave my Branch because I cannot afford to stay in it, what happens? Why the Padre, Secretary, Jobmaster, or others beg me to stay in, and I do stay in somehow. I manage it although the money I have had to pay out during a year would have kept one of my children in boots or have paid off a doctor's bill, or something.

If it is so difficult for me to stay in Toc H, how much more so for the chap with the muffler? I lay claim to *fact* when I say that Toc H is not for him, or should I say, the man with the muffler is not for Toc H, but Toc H for him? And in view of this, and the position I hold in my employment and as Branch Pilot, how can I afford to belong to Toc H?

Yours in Toc H,
H. B.

The War in Perspective

The following letter comes from a member serving in the forces overseas, who, for quite legitimate reasons, wishes to withhold his name.

DEAR SIR,

As a member of Toc H with war service, I very much appreciate the letter of Mr. P. A. Fugeman in your November issue—as I am sure many other war service members of Toc H did. He said, very nicely and mildly, what a great many young men are thinking far more strongly, and it is just as well for the health of Toc H that we should realise just exactly what they *are* thinking. I believe their thoughts run something on these lines:

"There is a great deal of talk in Toc H about our Elder Brethren, and their splendid example, their glorious sacrifice, but were

they really so very fine, and worthy of our memory and respect? I've read a great many war books, and it seems to me that the majority of soldiers had a darned good time whenever they got a chance, and were not at all keen on the splendid sacrifice part of the show. And *all* these books can't be by neurotics and liars, as some people try to make out. Of course, the war was terrible, and there was a great deal of suffering, and courage; I'm not trying to belittle either its honours, or its heroism, but one must not forget the compensations. It is easier to endure horrors if your endurance makes you a hero. Everything in the war was on a grand scale, but the proportions were just the same as in peace time.

And that's my point. There's every bit as much bravery and sacrifice goes on in peace time as in war, only there is no one to write about it, and it all happens on a far less dramatic stage. People in Toc H write and talk about the war, as if it was impossible to lead a really full life, and be really heroic, unless one is at war. It is a lie, but not everyone can appreciate it, and to those who do not see its falseness it may do great harm.

Admittedly many of the Elder Brethren were wonderful men, war or no war, but also many only learnt from war to lead the full Christian life of comradeship and sacrifice, and a great number never learnt at all.

The fact that Toc H is a definite result of the war reflects no particular credit on the Elder Brethren. It is, in fact, rather a terrible indictment on them that the war was needed to found Toc H. It would be wiser if Toc H strove to emphasise the heroic side of peacetime social service. It is nothing new for Englishmen to show fine comradeship, and to die bravely in times of war."

If I interpret their thoughts correctly, are they not right? How few of us can write about the war without rather stressing the better part of it! To do so is natural; it is also harmful. If we feel in our hearts that we shall never really live so fully again, we must not say so; let us recognise that the fault is ours because we have raised once again the peace time barriers of reserve.

class and good form, and are shutting ourselves off from men for false reasons.

The war was a crime against the love of God; to write of it as anything else is surely also a crime against that love.

Sincerely yours,

R. A. C. R.

* * *

DEAR EDITOR,

Although I was thirteen when war was declared, I can only remember such incidents as an air raid on London, insufficient butter, and crowded railway carriages. It happened that not only had I no relations on active service but also my family had no friends and few acquaintances on any front. I tell this to make it clear that, like the writer of the letter on "the War in Perspective" in the November JOURNAL, I missed the war.

It appears to me that the only real value of any event in history regarded in retrospect is the extent to which it demonstrated the laws of life. By studying the past we can deduce these laws and so learn to co-operate with them in the present.

I believe that there is one paramount law of life that operates in both the material and spiritual worlds—the law of redemption. "Unless a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

The bare fact that in a certain year a man Jesus died in Jerusalem is of relatively small importance to the fact that God Himself came out of heaven to demonstrate the law of redemption. We of this generation are not very much interested in the war as such; we are too close to know its historical meaning, too distant to know its personal meaning. We know, however, that it was a setting for a great number of "lesser Calvaries," and we would like to be told more about them. It is with proud thanksgiving that we remember not only the Elder Brethren, but also those who did such deeds as they who passed over, and lived to tell the tale. I think our chief concern is that we may be worthy listeners.

Yours sincerely,

JANET BUCKLEY.

Basingstoke.

DESPATCHES OF THE MONTH

Letters from the Western and Northern Areas and from Wales will appear next month. All news should now be addressed to Area Secretaries instead of to the Editor of the JOURNAL.

From the West Midlands Area

MARK VI, which is still the natural centre of the Area, has been repaired, improved and redecorated. The exterior has been painted a bright green and now makes a vivid contrast to its dull surroundings. A Bazaar was arranged before Christmas to help towards the cost of this, and its success was mainly due to the L.W.H., who did splendid work.

Those who know and use the Mark were sorry to lose the Altar Frontal when it was returned to its original place in the Old House. It was sent back willingly however, with gratitude for the privilege of holding it in trust until it once more beautified the Upper Room in Poperinghe. The little cellar Chapel of Arras in the Mark was used by the Birmingham District for a 24 hours' vigil with the Light of the Lamp this Armistice Eve. This was arranged in half-hour spells. There was no break all through the night, and the devotion shown there is symbolic of the sacrifice that can be brought forth in the most unlikely people by the light of the Lamp. On Armistice night the Birmingham Toc H Rover Crew had another Investiture in the Mark Chapel, when two members were initiated. Many members of this Crew are acting as Scouters and Cubbers.

Two years ago the Mark team conceived the idea of inviting young fellows and girls living in the locality into the Mark on Sunday evenings from 8 till 10. The houses around are of the "back-to-back" variety and the passages between each set generally used by young couples who find no room in their own homes. Numbers of these young people were grateful for the warmth and comfort of the Mark Lounge. Papers and books were provided and corporate singing arranged with occasional amateur artistic efforts. The artistes to obtain the best hearing were of themselves, as their loyal supporters promptly dealt with any interruptions. The numbers soon outgrew our accommodation and any who came late could not find room; 130 in the Lounge at one time being the record number. Last year the Birmingham District took on the job and a hall in the city was obtained. Hundreds of young people came in from the streets and made use of the simple entertainment and refreshments provided. Toc H and L.W.H. stewarded in large numbers, and contacts, friends and fellow-members were made.

This winter a definite Sunday Night Club has been formed with membership cards and a small sub. Development has been hindered, however, on account of the lack of suitable accommodation in the localities where they are most needed. It is hoped that the untiring energy of a few members will overcome apathy and produce the accommodation next winter. The Mark VI Branch is small on account of those members who have gathered others around them in their various localities and formed fresh families. Among the jobs being tackled by the Branch are the running of a Hospitals Contributory Scheme Office, a club for young fellows of the "tough" variety, where several thefts have occurred quite recently, and prison-visiting. Arising out of the last job the defence and care of a young fellow accused of murder was carried out—both the solicitor and barrister being Toc H men. The job was carried through satisfactorily.

There are now two Districts in Greater Birmingham, made up of three Branches and ten Groups with two Groves at Edgbaston and Sandwell. Two of their headquarters and many Toc H and L.W.H. homes were used to billet visiting members from other parts of the Area when the Birthday Festival was held on December 13 and 14. The festival was indeed worth while: many lessons were learnt—perhaps most of all by those who organised it.

Over 40 families were represented. Derby District, which has but lately come into this Area, were well in evidence. By the time this is in print Tom Garaway will have settled in Derby, to act as House Padre of the new Mark and Area Padre for the northern portion of the Area.

Jobs in Derby District

The *Derby District* now has nine units and everything seems to be going forward satisfactorily. Naturally, the efforts of the District are concentrated on the completion and opening of the Mark, which will be known as Mark XXI. The opening is not yet definitely fixed. It is hoped to benefit the Mark Fund by arranging a Bazaar on a large scale late this year or early next, and Toc H and L.W.H. are co-operating in this effort.

One of the jobs being tackled here is the running of a club for the blind. There is a membership of about 120, who have been meeting weekly for two and a half years. They play cards, draughts, chess and other games, whilst some read or talk together. As a change from this they have an occasional concert. This particular job requires a large number of stewards, who must have had training to fit them for this special work.

Uttoxeter is now a Branch and we are glad to congratulate them on their well-deserved promotion. The Branch at Stoke-on-Trent is going strong, and has recently inspired another flourishing little "Grove" in Newcastle-under-Lyme. The outstanding achievement of the Branch this year is in their Boys' Club, which supplies a long-felt want in Stoke. A large two-storied factory with outhouses has been rented, completely overhauled and made suitable for the purpose. Apart from the munificence of one local gentleman, the necessary money has been raised by means of personal visits by members to the people who could help. This is more efficacious, if more difficult, and much to be preferred to the broadcast method of appeal. The L.W.H. were heroic in assisting in the scrubbing operations on the floors, which had become overlaid with several inches of adhesive matter peculiar to the Potteries. Soon after the Club was opened the membership numbered about 320, but after three months' running this has reduced itself to 200 effective members. There are senior and junior evenings and a large canteen is worked efficiently. The football team loses matches happily. To make all this possible there has been much personal sacrifice among the members, and the work has yet to be established on a permanent basis. The official opening of the club will take place in March or April. The outhouses have been converted into splendid headquarters for Toc H and L.W.H.; the loft, which is reached by means of a steep ladder, is used as a Chapel, which will help the personnel to make the Club into a real power-house for good.

The Group at Worcester, also, have been running a Club for "roughs" for the past twelve months. This Club is so excellent and, besides inspiring Stoke, can be of so much help to others that it is perhaps better to hold over until July the description of their one-time derelict mill with its many inside and outside activities. Kidderminster, another of the "unattached" Groups, is doing a useful piece of work arranging concerts in the Miners' Club at Highley.

The *Warwickshire District* has now been functioning for 18 months and has done much towards linking up the various families which were in danger of becoming isolated, besides generally bringing home the idea that a member belongs to something much bigger than his own particular family—a truth that makes it increasingly difficult to become a pessimist.

District Guest-nights have played a great part in this work and have been held in each locality in turn when each family has tried to outvie the other in originality. The District is a good mixture. Coventry represents the manufacturing world, and will soon welcome as Bishop the Rev. Mervyn Haigh, private Secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and for several years a tutor at Knutsford Ordination Test School, where Tubby also served in that capacity at the same time.

Rugby in a lesser degree also represents manufacturing life. They deeply regret the death of an old friend and supporter in Mrs. M. R. Brooke, the donor of their Lamp, which is dedicated to her son Rupert—one of the brightest of the Lights which shone for a short while, and still inspires us with his brilliance.

Leamington Spa and Warwick bring their own contribution. Warwick, still in the Groping stage, did an all-night spot of work in December, helping at the Ball which the Countess of Warwick organised at the Shire Hall in aid of a fund to help Toc H in the county. The sum of £800 was raised by this super-effort—and there are still other schemes on foot. Leamington Spa provided an excellent concert party when Warwick arranged the first District Guest-night held in Warwick in January, and have just formed a strong Toc H Rover Crew.

Ladbroke, tucked away in the country, prove how a Toc H family can turn not only their own but several adjoining villages upside down. The future is bright and every month shows something accomplished in spreading the usefulness of Toc H in Shakespeare's county.

Digging-In in Shropshire

The Shropshire District began to function this month and shows great promise. Shrewsbury is the natural centre and possesses a keen, efficient, and, what is of more importance, a happy Group. They are steadily increasing their membership and have now to consider leaving their comfortable, beautiful little "dug-out," for their new scheme is ambitious as they hope to build a larger H.Q. with a Concert Hall attached. They are fortunate in finding corporate jobs at hand in the local hospital, the Home for Waifs and Strays and the Infirmary. A Grope was started in March, 1929, there, and since then "fragments of the original body" have landed in Australia, Aylesbury, Stafford, Derby, Ludlow, Chesterfield, Plymouth, London, Oswestry, and Grahamstown, South Africa.

Oakengates has been promoted to Branch status, which good news they heard first on Armistice Day. Their activities include assisting the local hospital and the local branch of the British Legion, besides acting as librarians of their branch of the County Library, which has some 1,250 members, and installing wireless sets in the homes of the blind.

The Group at Newport is full of grit and good works and working hard on the County Library scheme distributing books, but their great job is the complete installation of a wireless set in the newly-built Cottage Hospital, half the cost of which they have already raised. They boast a dramatic section of the Group, who, flushed with a past success, are confident of raising the remainder of the cash by their new production about to be inflicted on the town.

The Wolverhampton District is going strong, but the space available here is insufficient to even summarise the activities of the families therein. The District has ventured to produce a quarterly newspaper, entitled "*The Doings*" of Toc H in the Wolverhampton District. The first number, as always, is good and packed with interesting articles.

A quotation from the Editorial page might well finish this report and incidentally prevent much unnecessary correspondence adversely criticising the poor old Padre who, having met Barkis, the Editor, yesterday, is heftically writing these notes against time: "The success of this little bulletin depends upon the blokeage. You must take as many copies as possible—it's cheap enough and is good propaganda of the right type. News—of the interesting variety—must be sent in, and to enable this to be done interesting things must be done by the blokes. We must keep fresh and original, and not be copyistic and formal, lacking the vision to see the opportunities and the courage to make the most of them. Toc H must always be a 'jump ahead.' Tubby was in the Old House and is still many jumps ahead in spite of his handicap of ill-health. Remember his warning in the October JOURNAL—'You travel most of all when you stand still, half heartedly.'"

REVO.

From the Southern Area

IN these first notes from the Southern Area may we be forgiven for introducing ourselves to our fellow members of the Family in other parts? Toc H is made up of diversities, diversities of daily work, of age, of thought, of opinion, of gifts—in short, the human zoo of our tradition. In the same way each Area has its own personality, whether it be a London Area, a North Country industrial Area, or a Rural Area. This has been evident in the notes that have already appeared, and we therefore present our first notes with the apology offered to an impatient client by a harassed passport clerk, "Excuse me, one moment, sir, while I help this gentleman to describe his face."

Perhaps you have seen in a railway station, "Pratts' High Test Plan of the New Forest." If so, you have seen a map of a great part of the Southern Area. But you must include as well as far west as Swanage (which is really tucked away in a corner), East Dorset, Salisbury to the north, and Portsmouth to the east. To the south there are parts of the Area only to be reached by water, and though the attractive Isle of Wight is within comparatively easy reach, a visit to the Channel Islands involves a sea trip of a hundred and ten miles or so, and in winter, at any rate, whether you be visitor or resident, you are not always certain, when you leave Southampton, that the sea will allow you to land "according to plan," or, being there, that you will be able to come away!

Geographically, Southampton is the centre of the Area. It is here that many Overseas members land on pilgrimage to the first homes of Toc H, and whence they leave for their own lands, and a good deal is done in the way of greeting those who have heralded their coming and of wishing "Godspeed" to those who are outward bound, as some of us were able to do when Neville Talbot went back to his work last year.

The unique feature of the work in Southampton District is surely the Sea-Going Boys' Hostel. This is a hostel run as a piece of Toc H work for Sea-Going Boys up to the age of 18. For many such, this is their home when they reach the Port and until they leave again. Tubby once, reversing some well-known words, on another occasion said, "No prospect pleased, but man was quite glorious." Something of this sort can, we think, be claimed for the Boys' Hostel. Here are fellows living in a quite inadequate building, and the lack of space and the condition of the fabric do anything but please. The human element, on the other hand, is worthy of the best tradition of the Family, and you will find here cheerfulness, activity, happiness and service.

And now the day seems near when we may see the Family housed in a new home, long hoped for and worked for, with enough room—a building suited and equipped for its purpose—"all the building fitly framed together, growing unto an Holy Temple in the Lord in whom ye also are builded together"—surely apt words, written to men who lived near the sea, by the great Paul who, as we remember at this time, first saw a new way of life when he saw a Light.

The new Provisional District of Portsmouth is obviously connected with the sea and particularly with the Services. The new District of Bournemouth deals with another large town of quite a different character and with its own problems. Wimborne and parts of Dorset and of the Southampton District, too, stretch out the net in country areas, for we are fishermen, whether the net is over the boat side or in the hands of an entomologist! The Isle of Wight being an island, at once suggests a Family and has a situation to meet and opportunities to take which are quite its own. It was here that we heard of one of the finest "spur of the moment" jobs we know, but of that we may not speak. Toc H is strong on another island—Guernsey—and this year we have great hopes of Jersey, where there are already faithful members quietly at work. Those who do not know the Channel Islands would be interested to visit Toc H there and find a unit in an English Area with a different coinage from ours and many unfamiliar street and place names, and would rejoice at the happy family at work.

The work of the Area is as varied as it can be, from the more usual work of Boys' Clubs to the care of a Gipsy encampment, a kind of job that those in a City Area perhaps seldom imagine.

For most parts of the Area the outstanding events of the year have been the formation of new Districts, and this situation has had to be faced by the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth; and in the West by the division of Bournemouth and E. Dorset with centres at Wimborne and Bournemouth.

We have spoken already of the Boys' Hostel. Bournemouth Toc H House has already made its mark (they will know what we mean!) in the minds of all who have visited it, and will be a lively rallying point for the new District. There is at Mark V a large Family which includes some twenty-five students of the University College, who for over a year have shared with the Toc H hostellers the life of a Mark whilst preparing for their work as teachers.

Much of this Area will be familiar to distant readers who have spent and look forward to spending again a happy holiday at the Guest-House at Little Hatchett. A visit there is almost like reading news items in the JOURNAL itself, and you are likely to meet there members from as far away as Tyneside and Belfast, whom you can question to your heart's content, and Toc H ties and blazers abound in summer over the Forest and in lovely Beaulieu.

The Family is still extending, and we end with a Happy New Year to all those who will be busy building their Districts, Branches, Groups and Gropes, or tending their early life until we meet at the Crystal Palace. Meanwhile, we hope that in these notes we have succeeded in "describing our face" to friends in other Areas, so that in the next we can go into details.

From Ireland

IT will be seven years in March since B.B. dropped the first Toc H pebble in Belfast. Now, actual or potential, there are six units in Belfast, four in neighbouring counties and beginnings in Dublin; in addition, three units of the League of Women Helpers. On a map, and relative to the size of Ireland, development has been slow. Judged by what has been accomplished, there are many grounds for encouragement. The ramifications of the Newsboys' Club alone have given scope to many fellow-workers, and both in Lurgan and in Carrickfergus similar experiments have been carried on. In Prison, Reformatory and Industrial School, Toc H is busy at work, and a Rover Scout Crew at the Borstal organised by Toc H Rovers has been the latest development.

A catalogue would be unprofitable—it would include aid to hospitals, cripples, the deaf, dumb and blind. Whilst speakers tell us "first fellowship, then service" it would appear here that fellowship is the fruit of service rather than the cause. In the North, apart from the Lurgan Boys Camp, the outstanding event has been the healthy state of three new Groups in Belfast. These in turn have made the Belfast Branch want to grow.

Financially we end 1930 free of debt, though the taking of new premises at 1, Frederick Street for the Newsboys Club has involved an extra expenditure for its Council of about £120.

In an effort to extend our borders there have been hopeful negotiations with both the Belfast Council of the Boys Brigade and the Boys Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church. A short Training Course is proposed early in the new year for leaders. As between Boys Brigade and Boy Scouts Toc H here has been a connecting link. If in 1929 the setting up of a Distress Committee was our outstanding public service, this year we have initiated the Young Farmers Clubs for the Area. The supervision now falls into other hands; but we hope that the Toc H spirit will pervade the Clubs.

Embryo Groups at Bangor, Co. Down, and Ormeau, Belfast, are our chief new legacy for 1931. The University Wing, active last year, but losing most of its members, has been restarted. The idea of Toc H, however, has a bare foothold in, rather than a grip of, the University. The case of Bangor, 12 miles from Belfast, may illustrate the difficulty of forming Groups outside the City. It is nearly six years since the first Toc H meeting was held there,

and there were two other gatherings, each promising. Nothing happened in spite of constant if spasmodic approaches. Now after much spade work on the part of one or two there are again signs of a move. Carrickfergus has lost most of its original members and Armagh has been handicapped by want of premises, but they still keep on going after various vicissitudes.

A peculiar feature of the Groups has been the absence of any desire to spread. The pebbles drop into ponds rather than into streams, though there can be activity in ponds. Expansion is chiefly due to one or two members. Such efforts as have been made outside a local radius have borne little fruit. The causes are exceedingly interesting to any student of local conditions, and lie far back in history. Without a local nucleus and much intensive work the idea does not sink in at all. On the other hand, where a rallying point has been found the results are fruitful.

Whilst the Conference addressed by Sawers in October may have practical results, the most hopeful gathering yet held was in connection with the World Light Ceremony of December 5-6. About 120 were present, including L.W.H. Two week-end camps were events of the autumn, and the Dublin Grove shows every desire to link up with the North. We have steered clear of politics and denominationalism. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of our beginnings here has been the amount of voluntary service freely given, and the number of workers is steadily increasing. If expansion is slow, on the other hand there is a complete absence of endowment or funds for a secretariat. For concrete objects, support on part of the public has not been wanting. For an idea, with which it is imperfectly acquainted, there has naturally been little response. But hitherto there has been no ground for an appeal.

A new departure, suggested by Sawbones, has been the establishment of a District Team for Belfast and neighbourhood. This has met monthly and has been of material assistance in directing local activities. There is also an Area Committee and the next task will be to see whether the Team and Committee cannot be linked up in some way. 1931 starts hopefully, and we look forward to Sawbones in March, while there is a possibility of an unofficial visit by Bob Sawers in January forging links in the North-West.

MULTUM IN PARVO

♠ To Padre BOB and Mrs. SLATER, at Rangoon, on December 29, 1930—a son. Heartiest congratulations.

♠ The Fifth Annual TOC H SEVEN-A-SIDE RUGGER Tournament for the W. A. Dodd Cup will be held at New Barnet on Saturday, March 28. Branches and Groups that intend to enter teams should notify Geoffrey Batchelar, Talbot House, 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3, not later than Monday, March 2.

♠ MALCOLM SPEIR, Scottish representative on the Central Executive, has recently been appointed manager and secretary of the Northern Counties Committee of the L.M.S. Railway, in Ireland, where he has already taken up residence. Scotland's loss is Ireland's gain.

♠ We are very sorry to announce that Lt.-Col. "DICK" PENNELL, whose health has been causing his friends anxiety for some time, has resigned his post as Resident Secretary at Mark V, Southampton.

♠ *Secretaries List: Additions and Alterations:*

(a) *Change of District Secretary:* BROMLEY, T. A. Bushell, 53, Barham Road, Chislehurst; FURNESS, F. Senior, 228, Dalton Road, Barrow-in-Furness; LEICESTER, W. S. Lean, Mark XI, 44, Princess Road, Leicester; LIVERPOOL, H. L. Horsburgh, 1, Sandringham Road, Waterloo; MONMOUTHSHIRE, E. C. Kinsey-Morgan, 11, Clifton Place, Newport; NORTH GLAMORGAN, E. V. Thomas, The Post Office, Pontypridd; SALFORD, A. Holland, 5, Baines Avenue, Irlam, Manchester; STIRLINGSHIRE, A. E. Thomson, Kincaig, Larbert, Stirlingshire; WAKEFIELD, S. H. Brown, Windyridge, Carlton Road, Pontefract; WESTMORLAND, A. Hodgson, Holly Holme, Windermere.

(b) *Change of District Secretary's Address:* CARDIFF District Secretary, to 85c, Holton Road, Barry; ISLE OF WIGHT District Secretary to Berry Hill, Carisbrooke; MID-SUSSEX Secretary to 14, Neville Crescent, Lewes.

THE FAMILY OVERSEAS

IN the days of my youth I learnt that there were four continents. Now a fifth—Australia—seems to have leapt into being. It is all very confusing, but one knows of no better subdivision of the globe, and as most continue to use it, here, with an apology to those many extremely distinctive spots such as Newfoundland, the West Indies or Ceylon, and a hope that they will overlook this possibly unscientific method of grouping, are our continents in alphabetical order.

Overseas Office, 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3.

H. B. E.

Africa

I am tempted to set out in full the South African jobs-record of what in England would be reckoned a small village, with, shall we hazard, 400 inhabitants. It shall be nameless, but its record may well be an incentive to many small places at home and abroad who say, "No jobs available!" I give selections only out of a list of some 50 jobs attempted of late:—

- (1) A bed-ridden man—visiting him, making small gifts, repairing his doorstep, tending his garden, and in the end acting as his pall-bearers.
- (2) Running a vegetable garden for the hospital.
- (3) Collecting for drought distress.
- (4) Making and maintaining two children's playgrounds, one for a hostel.
- (5) Visiting from house to house with Father Christmas.
- (6) Helping and clothing a down-and-out, now become a member.
- (7) Erecting a Toc H house and paying for it.
- (8) Organising a circulating library for railway-gangers and road-party men.

- (9) Working with Scout-Troop and Cub-Pack.
- (10) Placing 20 town children on farms for holidays.
- (11) Running an ambulance class.
- (12) Cleaning up the local cemetery.
- (13) Debating with another local society.
- (14) Starting a swimming bath.
- (15) Escorting a lady from her work after dark.
- (16) Two members moving into a man's house as guard to his wife and children during his absence.
- (17) Doing the same to enable a man to attend evening meetings.

So it seems to be leadership plus imagination which tells, whether at home or abroad.

The Chain of Light seems to have been generally observed in South Africa, and indeed everywhere. The EASTERN PROVINCE Festival must have been splendidly organised by the *Cradock* Branch, and it is good to read in Mayor Hattingh's speech of welcome that in his opinion "it was the spirit of Toc H which was reuniting the races in South Africa and overcoming all questions of class, colour and racial distinction." *Port Elizabeth* are closely concerned with the revival of the Prisoners' Aid Association. Welcome news comes from the south coast of NATAL, where *Warner Beach* and *Isipingo* combined to meet Padre Gaika. In RHODESIA, *Salisbury* Branch held a successful week-end camp, their *first*, "but certainly not their last." *Kampala* (UGANDA) have organised the first library for Europeans with 1,500 volumes and a membership of 120; and they also connected with a blood-transfusion service.

From *Zanzibar*, T. M. W. Sheppard (Produce Inspector of the Agricultural Department) writes offering entertainment and "a good look round" to any passing members who would look him up and communicate with him beforehand. This is a valuable link down that far-flung coast, and one for which we are grateful.

America

The WEST INDIES supplies further news of *Kingston* (Jamaica), beginning with an influential invitation meeting at the Bishop's House, followed by several other meetings spent on collecting information about Toc H, and a firm determination to go ahead. Then came a meeting of 35, and the first two initiations by Padre Harold Hubbard who was there on a visit.

"If this can only get going it will be a Godsend here," was the verdict of a local planter. *Antigua*, too, reports the first Toc H Birthday Festival in the West Indies. There it was that the Methodist Revival first began in these parts, and a passage quoted from *Wesley's Journal* of 1785 has a big significance for us a hundred and fifty years later: "I was now considering how strangely the Grain of Mustard Seed has grown up. It has spread through all Great Britain and Ireland, then to America, from the Leeward Islands through the whole continent, into Canada and Newfoundland. And the Societies, in all these parts, walk by one rule . . . striving to worship God, not in form only, but likewise in spirit and in truth." This might well have been a text for the two days of festival, when some 1,200 were present for the lighting of the Rushlight by the Governor, himself a member, and a great impression was made upon the community. If Toc H can link up the separated sections of West Indian life and unite them in service for God and humanity, it will be accomplishing a great work.

In CANADA, *Toronto* is starting, in conjunction with some ladies, a hostel with a soup-kitchen, able to provide for 200 unemployed men, Toc H taking charge in the evening and aiming at a reproduction of the spirit and life of the Old House. *Ontario* is planning well ahead for a big Festival in May, while *Winnipeg* and *Calgary*, and doubtless many others, were associated with us all in the Chain of Light. Perhaps best of all, the first news for a long time has arrived from some of the smaller places, *Maidstone*, *Loverna* and *Kelowna*, the latter with its big fair in November, partly for the Toc H club for boys—"real rough-necks." The tidings are good, too, that *Pentticon* is now definitely on the map, and that *Hillhurst*, the second Calgary Group, is going well. Pending a Canadian journal, will units write to the Overseas Office as fully and freely as possible, and we will try to do more justice to Canada.

SOUTH AMERICA. *Rio de Janeiro* Branch is an old hand at the "Sailor's Friend" game, and in its "Merchant Apprentice Scheme" it is trying to get in touch with all apprentices spending more than one day in the port, being advised by shipping companies and agents of their arrival. An attempt is then made to entertain them for a week-end, or to introduce them to the Y.M.C.A., so that they shall not be complete strangers in a strange land. Again, the Branch is trying to hear of every newcomer to Rio, and each member is responsible for advising the committee of any that he hears of, with a view to lending a hand and a welcome. *Santiago* (Chile) are also trying to give a welcome to every stranger. Guest-nights with them are rapidly becoming thronged, and they are not frightened of tackling some quite ugly jobs.

Asia

INDIA. In 1925 a local paper wrote: "Calcutta is a cemetery of spent enthusiasms and there will be a stone 'sacred to the memory of Toc H' six months after the evangelists (Tubby and Pat) depart"; in 1930 the same paper must needs acknowledge, "Toc H has made rapid strides in India."

One of its recent steps forward was at the birthday tea of the unofficial prison grope in *Madras*, at which the superintendent of the jail was a welcome guest. There Light was taken by one of the "sojourners," assisted by two *Madras* members, with a little Christian Indian lamp, and there, too, was a talk on the Birthday, the prayer for all members of Toc H, and significant thanks for "the friendships formed in this place." Now just one item in the day of Festival at *Madras*: a noteworthy scheme is on foot for the running of an annual conference for planters and others who find themselves intellectually and spiritually isolated, and this may in time have far-reaching results. Finally, there is yet further development in BURMA in the shape of a grope at *Maymgo*.

May we also pass on the idea of a "Leave Roll" in the *Lamp*, an up-to-date list of the home addresses of men on leave for all to refer to?

CEYLON held their Festival on December 4, when the Governor, Sir Herbert Stanley, spent the whole evening with them. "An amazingly good friend to Toc H" is the memory which he leaves, and South Africa will know how to welcome him.

Australia and New Zealand

The wealth of detail to hand about local doings is so great, thanks to the *Link* and its various State supplements, that we must confine ourselves to one item only—the VICTORIA “policy for 1931,” as set before units by the State Council. Taking the facts of widespread poverty and hardship, of lack of constructive leadership, and of apparent indifference to things spiritual, all of which they consider inter-related, they believe “that a definite turning on the part of the people as a whole towards the Elder Brother for guidance, in matters of national policy as well as of personal necessity, is a normal attitude of mind and basis of action, and that any other policy or viewpoint is subnormal and foredoomed to failure.” They therefore challenge their units (and incidentally all of us) with two questions :

(1) To what degree do units believe that their success or failure, as the case may be, is a reflection of the reality of their spiritual life as individuals and as a unit ?

(2) To what length are they prepared to go in increasing their spiritual activity ?

“The precise form our activity shall take,” they continue, “is a matter for the most careful discussion. The projection of the Christ idea into home and office, into factory and farm, is a synthetic expression of a plan capable of application in a multitude of ways. Your Council believes that whatever task Toc H attempts must be taken in hand because of its spiritual meaning, and the idea is left with you as the best sign-post for the road before us all. . . . You are all asked to accept the challenge of these very different days. Some of you may see in them an occasion for wondering if it is all worth while, but to others they will appear as offering the opportunity of Toc H’s life. These last are right, and we must take to ourselves the old saying that the opportunity of a lifetime is only available during the lifetime of an opportunity .

NEW ZEALAND is well to the fore this month with the first issue of their new paper, *The Ventilator*, with its sub-title of *The Flame in the Fern*. It is full of good stuff and gives clearly the reasons for its existence, as indeed Toc H in so many parts of the world has come to see them. The family scattered over nearly 1,000 miles feels the need of united counsel and a united voice, and such an organ is urgently necessary in order to develop the movement and pass the message of Toc H to those outside the family at present, but ready to join it.

FOR FRIENDS WHO WANT TO HELP

THE money necessary for the carrying on of the smallest possible organisation of Toc H is largely raised by the self-denying efforts of members, many of whom have little enough to spare, but for funds for building firm foundations and for urgent expansion, Toc H is dependent on friends outside. Besides the great gifts of houses or endowments of chaplaincies, the value of which cannot easily be calculated, there are several ways in which Everyman can help :

LEGACIES : A simple form of legacy is as follows : “I bequeath to Toc H (Incorporated) the sum of £ to be applied for the purposes of the said Toc H (Incorporated), and I direct the said legacy to be paid free of death duty and as soon as conveniently may be after my death.”

TOC H BUILDERS : There are many who, finding themselves unable to take an active part in Toc H, yet wish to support the movement to the best of their power. These may well become Toc H Builders, contributing £1 or more a year, which may be allotted to local or headquarters needs as desired, and in return, receiving monthly the Toc H JOURNAL. Builders forms may be obtained from Headquarters or from Area Secretaries.

DONATIONS : These are always welcome, the smallest equally with the great, and should be addressed to the Treasurer at Headquarters, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.